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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

August 28, 1957

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Bettina at the Opera

THE INTERNATIONAL SET

See pages 3, 4, 5.

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AUGUST 28, 1957

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PARKS TO CATER FOR CHILDREN

THE biggest fault of most adults is that they have long forgotten what it feels like to be a child.

This was demonstrated recently when a North Sydney Council alderman suggested that a tank, admiral's barge, locomotive, steamroller, and cannon should be put in one of the parks for children to play with, and the Council's Superintendent of Parks opposed the idea as a "retrograde step."

If that parks superintendent had only recalled his youth he would have jumped at an idea that has proved popular with children in many parks of the world.

The average park is an orderly place mainly designed for old gentlemen who sit in the sun, mothers, prams, and babies, and courting couples.

There isn't much in a park except space, grass, and flower-beds, which adults say must not be trodden on, to stimulate the adventurous urges of children.

Imagine the thrill of "driving" an old tram or steering a tank in a modern version of the Charge of the Light Brigade.

To a small boy of eight or nine, and particularly if he lives in a flat, that's living.

So let adults, for a change, forget that they're stodgy and encourage councils to reserve a corner of their parks for all the wonderful and exciting old junk, after it has been vetted for danger.

The wonder of being able to charge a castle in a steamroller or sink an aircraft-carrier with an admiral's barge may even lead children to the startling conclusion that adults aren't such dreary creatures after all.

Our cover
● Beautiful French model Bettina at the opera. Bettina, as a constant companion of Aly Khan, is one of the "international set" (see story opposite), a status that is acquired automatically by the girls whom Aly Khan favors.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● American millionaire pearl buyer and art collector Allan Gerdau will soon own an Australian painting for which he waited a year.

IT is a portrait of a Malayan girl (Halimah Othman) by Perth artist Owen Garde.

Mr. Gerdau saw it when visiting Western Australia last year, but agreed to wait for it until Mr. Garde had entered it for our 1956 Portrait Prize. It was among those chosen for the travelling exhibition, and spent the ensuing 12 months on tour of the national galleries of the State capitals.

The travelling exhibition closed in Victoria last month, and Mr. Gerdau has now arranged to have the portrait shipped to him.

Mr. Garde wrote recently to tell us that, as well, last year's exhibition gained him two commissions.

He is entering a portrait of Shirley Strickland this year, and says: "I will be well satisfied if it meets with as much success as Halimah's."

The 1957 Portrait Prize closes on August 31.

THERE'S an art in most jobs. One of them is ironing, and a good example of the presser's skill was provided in our Irish Mannequin Parades when they opened in Sydney last week.

All the dresses had to be pressed on arrival at David Jones', Sydney. One of them, a white organza evening dress, has a double skirt caught to puff out above the hem—the kind of dress that would make any amateur with the iron recoil in horror.

It was badly crushed when it was unpacked but its designer, Miss Sybil Connolly, said when she saw it after pressing that the job could not have been done better in her own workroom in Dublin.

Another note garnered at the Parades: Miss Connolly, who has a particularly beautiful complexion, was taught as a little girl to wash her face in milk, and still pats it every day with cotton-wool soaked in milk.

OUR Fiction Department is at present submerged in entries for the short story contest which closed August 5. As soon as the judges see some daylight we will fix a date for announcing winners.

THE feature about the Bacchus Club members in the Barossa Valley (pages 8 and 9) reminds us that we saw recently a letter to make wine connoisseurs shudder.

It was published in "Wine and Food," an English quarterly, and came from O. Ukoha, in Nigeria. It ran:

"Dear Friend—This is to let you know that we are brewers on probation. We brew local wines such as gin. We do not know how long to store it before drinking, and we do not exactly know the right flavoring essence to add to it to give it its right flavoring. Would you be very kind enough to recommend where we can buy the right flavoring and coloring essence?"

THE INTERNATIONAL SET



PLUSH PLAYGROUNDS make the world revolve for the international set. At left, guests relax on the cruiser which Stavros Niarchos chartered for £50,000, solving "what to do in August" by having Elsa Maxwell plan a cruise. Above is St. Moritz, smart winter choice of "the set."

● The plush world in which Elsa Maxwell presides at £50,000 yacht parties, lords drive Ferraris in the Grand Prix, and all retreat to sip cocktails in Rome is like Alice's Wonderland. It takes all the running you can do to stay in one place.

EXCEPT for the month of August, that is, because "there is simply no place to go in August."

This astute observation was made recently by an active member of the "international set," which travels in high style from one country and fashionable resort to another in relentless pursuit of the right spot at the right time and, of course, the right people.

In August most of the international gadabouts retire to chateaux and chalets scattered round the Continent. Then in September they start galloping off again on a grand tour that takes in London, Paris, the French Riviera, Monte Carlo, Venice, Capri, Rome, St. Moritz, New York, and Palm Beach.

Some vary the main excursion with some side junkets and a great deal of island-hopping by yacht and plane in

the Caribbean and Mediterranean.

Following the sun and the social season is a great life if you and your wallet don't weaken, but there are problems even for those who never have to worry where the next perfect meal is coming from.

Whose yacht should be used? Which ocean or sea should be sailed in?

Should that small piece of French vineyard one is buying (and it's the chic thing to do) be noted for its red or white wine? What style of house should one build and where?

A Persian mansion like the one Doris Duke put up in Hawaii or a Japanese house like Barbara Hutton's in Mexico? Or, why not just pick up a castle in Ireland and air-condition it?

Along the moneyed route is

By **RICHARD HARRITY**

Biarritz, popularised by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; Cannes, where the late Aga Khan had a villa; Paris, where the Prince of Paris gives tone to great occasions; Kitzbuhel, in Austria, for ski-ing; Rome, where the attraction is not the Coliseum or the fountains, but personalities like Dawn Addams and her husband, Prince Vittorio Massimo.

The gay crowd that follows the royal leaders would have sent Queen Victoria into shock.

Even the stuffy "royalty only" parties of the Edwardian era got the "kiss of death" in

the 1920s, when something called a "nightclub" started royalty hobnobbing with the rich and with the new aristocracy of "interesting people."

In a converted stable in London the new society got its big boost when Elsa Maxwell threw a seven-dollar (about £A3/3/-) party for royalty, and Princess Helen Victoria, Queen Victoria's daughter, "sat on the floor... ate hard-boiled eggs and sausages... laughing at the antics of four music-hall troupers."

Among the troupers were Noel Coward and Bea Lillie, now king-pins of the set.

Continued overleaf



TALENTED PARTY-GIVER, Elsa Maxwell, dressed as Sancho Panza and riding a donkey, is kissed by the Marquis of Cuevas during his £100,000 "party of the century" held at Biarritz three years ago.



FAVORITE HAUNT of the international set is the famous casino at Monte Carlo, where fortunes have been made and lost in grand style and chic pen-shops, which await the unlucky, do a roaring trade.



ABOVE: Keeping in the international swim are the carefree Errol Flynn aboard his cruising schooner in Majorca. RIGHT: The Wandering Windsors' trunk number 13 shows signs of travel fatigue.



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Life in plush-lined playgrounds



COLORFUL VENICE is a popular rendezvous. Its traditional gaiety includes an annual film festival. Here Italy's Elsa Martinelli waves to fans at a recent festival premiere.



MONTE CARLO, always an attraction for the rich and restless, has had "house full" signs since Prince Rainier married Grace Kelly. Here they leave a casino party.



FLOATING PLEASURE PALACE, the Christina, which is owned by Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis, at anchor in Monte Carlo harbor. The yacht, equipped with marble swimming-pool and small aeroplane, is the venue of some of the most sumptuous parties of the century.

Continuing: THE INTERNATIONAL SET

● For members of the international set life is a mad whirl of mink-lined luxury, in which yacht cruises, island-hopping jaunts, champagne parties, and gala masquerades—involving millions of pounds each year—become part of the "daily round."

THE stalwarts of "the set" are as diversified and colorful as the places they go.

They are the elite of every continent: noble scions who still own treasures, accompanied by their sisters, cousins, and aunts, loaded only with titles; wealthy wanderers; celebrities of the stage and screen; and great beauties whose faces have launched a thousand yachts.

Then there are the gentlemen racers, witty worldlings, and those hangers-on, the social-climbers.

"Have diamond tiara, white tie, and tails; will travel" is the advertisement of this roving group of the rich and restless.

Going in all directions, posh passengers fill the sun decks of the luxury liners, or, for

those in a hurry, deluxe flights of great airlines carry them in king's comfort overnight to London, Paris, or Rome for their social engagements.

So, fasten your seat belt and follow the family motto of a prominent New York socialite, Mr. Reginald Van Gleason III: "Away We Go."

Notable nomads vote London Queen of the May, but Paris is the girl of their dreams in June, and, moving out of elegant suites at Claridge's, the Savoy, and the Berkeley, they shift to the Ritz and the Plaza-Athenae.

Occasionally there are hoity-toity tiffs at social affairs. Once the striking Princess Hohenlohe and the

lovely Marquise de Portago, wife of the late great Spanish auto racer and bobsled champion, exchanged words that threatened to end an old friendship.

"I am not as witty as you are," the Marquise reportedly challenged, to which the Princess is said to have replied: "Then you are a half-wit."

There were rumors that the Marquis, a fencing expert, challenged Prince Hohenlohe, a crack pistol shot, to a duel, but they could never decide on weapons.

Fortunately the Marquise, formerly Carroll McDaniels, of South Carolina, did not seek satisfaction from the Princess, a Georgian from Macon, who once gave another member of "the set" a shower, using a bucket

of water, at a party at the Cafe Pierre in New York.

But that was when the Princess was known as Honeychile Wilder, cafe society playgirl and artist.

The climax of the international season in Paris comes with the run of the Prix des Drags, and the Grand Prix two days later on the last Sunday in June.

A traditional gay ceremony precedes the Prix des Drags, when open coaches filled with famous beauties, visiting celebrities, and members of the exclusive Cercle Hippique and Jockey Club, all dressed in the costumes of 1900, start from the Place de la Concorde and drive along the Champs Elysees to the Long-champs track.

Mayfair is always well represented by English lords and ladies who look as if they have just stepped out of Burke's Peerage for a long weekend.

In the evening after the race, the crowd, including such celebrated beauties as Garbo, Dietrich, and Lady Beatty, the former Adelle O'Connor, of New York City, flocks to Maxim's and La Tour d'Argent Restaurant, two of Paris' top four gourmet spots.

Claude Terrail, debonair proprietor of Tour d'Argent, overlooking the Seine, illuminates Notre Dame with a battery of searchlights for his patrons, and thoughtfully provides menus without prices to all except the host, so that guests may order from the left without a qualm.

Early July marks the end of the Paris season and the international set begins its exodus to the South of France.

At Cannes, where bikinis are as brief as a wink and sometimes briefer, English artist Simone Silva threw caution

Hoity-toity



"NOWHERE TO GO IN AUGUST"

and her bra to the winds, posing in the "almost altogether" with Robert Mitchum. And at St.-Jean-de-Lux, Cap d'Antibes, St. Tropez, and Nice the sea is blue and the days are soft.

Monte Carlo, ancient principality of the Grimaldis, which counts among its accomplishments the introduction of the white dinner jacket to the world, has long been a favorite port of call for the fashionable.

Summer pastimes include festivals complete with fireworks, the world's series of flower fights, and golf on a course in the clouds, above Monte Carlo.

Winter offers the Auto Rally, in which drivers start from practically every spot on the Continent, and race their Mercedes, Alfa-Romeos, and Lancias to the finish line in Monte Carlo.

Galas at the International Sporting Club, the opera, the ballet, and plays in the Casino theatre complete the bill. Throughout the year the national sport of Monaco, where Prince Rainier and

Grace Kelly are popular drawcards, is gambling.

In 1953 Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Socrates Onassis bought the deluxe gambling emporium for "additional office space."

Onassis and his brother-in-law, Stavros Niarchos, are on the way to becoming billionaire Bobbey Twins, friendly rivals in business, as owners of individual oil tankers, and grand gestures.

Niarchos, who has two floating pleasure palaces, Eros I and Eros II, makes his headquarters in Paris, and has homes in London and New York. He once put in with his yacht at the Island of Rhodes and gave a lunch for 20 guests that cost a mere £800.

In winter Onassis commutes by plane between Monte Carlo and St. Moritz, home of the world's most exclusive sports club, the Corviglia Club, on whose steep, hard-packed ski slopes only the richest and/or most blue-blooded sportsmen are permitted to break a leg.

Although not the richest Greeks, Onassis and Niarchos are the greatest spenders in the international set. Niarchos recently bought the Edward G. Robinson art collection for £1,125,000, and Onassis spent the same amount to purchase the Chateau Groisbois near Paris, a favorite retreat of Napoleon's.

Several of the chic visitors have their own palaces in Venice.

For entertainment there is the traditional ceremony of the historical regatta, with gondola races along the Grand Canal.

The Venice Film Festival at the Lido attracts famous stars from all over the world. Some even give impromptu performances.

When a news photographer attempted to take a shot of Linda Christian and Edmund Purdom holding hands in a back-canal cafe, the English artist drew back his fist, causing a score of other cameramen to get in the act with their flashbulbs.

In another spontaneous performance a slap on the back from an unidentified reveller at a ball sent Errol Flynn to bed for several days.

But the greatest show Venice has seen since ancient days was

PARIS IN JUNE is a firm date for members of the set. Regular revelers there are (above) Aly Khan and French model Bettina, arriving at a film premiere.

produced in 1951 by Don Carlos De Beistegui, an immensely wealthy Mexican, shortly after he purchased the huge Labia Palace.

Decorated by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo in the 18th century, the historic palace cost De Beistegui £270,000 plus half a million spent redecorating and furnishing it with rare antiques and paintings.

Then he decided to give a party. He spent more than a year compiling the guest list of 1600 names drawn from the

£25,000 costume

top drawer of nobility and notability.

On the night of the great party thousands of gay Venetians lined up along the Grand Canal and cheered as gala gondolas, festooned with flowers and lanterns, ferried the guests dressed in colorful 18th-century costume to the Labia Palace.

Among those present were Mrs. Winston Churchill, Irene Dunne, Gene Tierney, Cecil Beaton, Salvador Dali, and the late Aga Khan, who once gave a party for 3000 that cost £36,000.

Arturo Lopez, the moneyed Chilean, showed up in a Chinese costume worth £25,200 (£5900 more than the big blowout cost De Beistegui), and Barbara Hutton wore a little number that set her back only £7200.

But De Beistegui stood out among his guests, thanks to 16-inch platforms on his shoes which elevated him from his normal height of 5ft. 6in. tall to just a shade under 7ft.

Rome is the place to be in autumn, and there is always something to talk about there.

Will romance blossom between Anna Magnani and Rossellini? Which is the greater artist, Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren? Why did Joanne Connelly Sweeney Ortiz Patino take sleeping pills on her honeymoon in Capri?

Almost every member of the international set sooner or later

lands on the sidewalk tables of Doney's, on the Via Veneto, for an aperitif, an after-dinner Italian liqueur, or a Fernet Branca next morning to steady the stomach and nerves.

Just across the way from Doney's is Rosati's, where the patricians of Rome go for a whisky and soda, Scotch on the rocks, and occasionally, in the morning, the Fernet Branca pick-me-up.

There was one period recently when the Roman and international set made a move towards "togetherness" in their social drinking.

For a few days there was a tense but well-bred Mexican stand-off in the Italian city. Then the Romans returned to their Scotch at Rosati's and the roamers went back to aperitifs at Doney's, and about the only thing the two swank groups seem to have in common carousal now, alas, is the Fernet Branca!

But the flight from boredom never ceases and the international set must always face the problem of what to do and where to go next. And so the search eternal, for a new resort, a quaint spot as yet undiscovered, a diversion untried and untired of.

Perhaps these international gadabouts might profit by the advice of that great queen in "Alice in Wonderland," who was mad about tours in her own country, to her young travelling companion, who complained about never going anywhere else:

"Well, in our country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else if you ran very fast for a long time, as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of country," said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that."

Except in August, because "There's simply no place to go in August."



THE WINDSORS relax on the garden terrace of their Paris home. The Duke and Duchess were largely responsible for making Biarritz a haunt of international society.



MULTIMILLIONAIRE Aristotle Onassis, one of the greatest spenders, is in gay mood as he talks with his wife (centre) and Countess Ann Mari von Bismarck, wife of a grandson of the "Iron Chancellor."



PEACE, PERFECT PEACE after a hectic social round on the Continent, Lady Beatty, relaxing as she is driven from London Airport after arriving from Paris with Lord Beatty, looks relieved that there is "no place to go in August."



GRETA GARBO, travelling incognito aboard Onassis' luxury yacht, shown visiting the Acropolis after the yacht called at Piraeus Harbor.

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NEW FORMULA . . . NEW LIPSTICK . . . NEW COLOURS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1957

Legs are back-and men are glad of it

By RONALD McKIE, a legman from a long line of kilted legmen

While fashion designers in Paris were ordaining shorter skirts, a Chicago newspaper was discovering, through a survey, that the female leg had lost its appeal to the American male.

As legs are such fascinating subjects at any time, I decided to look closer and find out what Australian men think about them.

THE history of legs, though shapely, is extremely thin, because for centuries legs almost didn't exist.

"Take back thy stockings," the Spanish Ambassador to London told a merchant with a present for his Queen. "And know, foolish sir, that the Queen of Spain hath no legs."

That was in the 17th century, but in the 19th: "The ladies, dressed in flannel cases, showed nothing but their hands and faces."

Even the legs of chairs and pianos had long pants on.

No wonder old gentlemen died of apoplexy in Paris theatres in the 1890s when the can-can dancers made the world leg-and-suspender conscious.

Even the next generation of old gentlemen fainted dead away in the street at the sight of even a second-class ankle.

[Stockings originally ended just above the knee, and were kept in position by garters just below the knee. But the invention of suspenders in the 1870s ended all that. Suspenders—a touch of genius to hang them on to the bottom of corsets—were accepted immediately, and have never gone out of fashion.]

Not until after World War I were legs uncovered.

Jazz garters

But they were still in black or dark stockings until about 1924, when stockings became flesh-colored, of silk or artificial silk, and worn very tight.

Although most women held up their socks with suspenders, some rolled them and kept them up with jazz garters.

Garters that glittered and garters with rosebuds (gentlemen collected them with enthusiasm) were worn even by suspender girls as an added touch to slay the male.

Since those days, although designers have fought many a battle of the hemline, women have not only possessed legs but have displayed them—bumpy, knock-kneed, curved, straight, scraggy, and fat.

Marlene Dietrich, that everlasting who helped make the world leg-conscious, had this to say recently:

"Everything has moved upward. . . . Before, it was a question of the balance of the body. Now it's the balance of the bosom."

"Beauty of line has given way to beauty of measurements."

That may be so, but what do men here think about legs and leg appeal?

"Those American chaps must have slipped badly," old Tom Prescott told me. "Must be something wrong with them."

Mr. Prescott, 81, and still working, has been a first-nighter in Sydney for more than 50 years, and is probably the only octogenarian in the world who has booked his 100th birthday party—at the Carrington Hotel, Katoomba—for February 6, 1976.

Good eyesight

"If you have good eyesight—and I have—legs today are more beautiful and more appealing than ever."

"I speak with authority, because when I was a young feller—I was a member of Queen Victoria's guard—I was glad for the sight of a little piece of lace at the bottom of a skirt."

"Why, I remember walking down Hunter Street with a friend on a wet day when an attractive woman held up her skirts a few inches above the mud. 'Look,' my friend said excitedly, 'she's showing a lot of leg.'"

"The woman overheard him and said, 'I have a perfect right.' And my friend was quick to add, 'And a bosker left, Madam.'"

From Mr. Prescott I went to Monte Luke, who has photographed women for decades.

"Legs losing their appeal? Nonsense! Men are still just as conscious of legs as ever, and, in my 72 years, men have never ceased to admire a pretty leg."

"What do men say first thing when they look at a girl? Not what a beautiful bust she has, but what a lovely pair of legs."

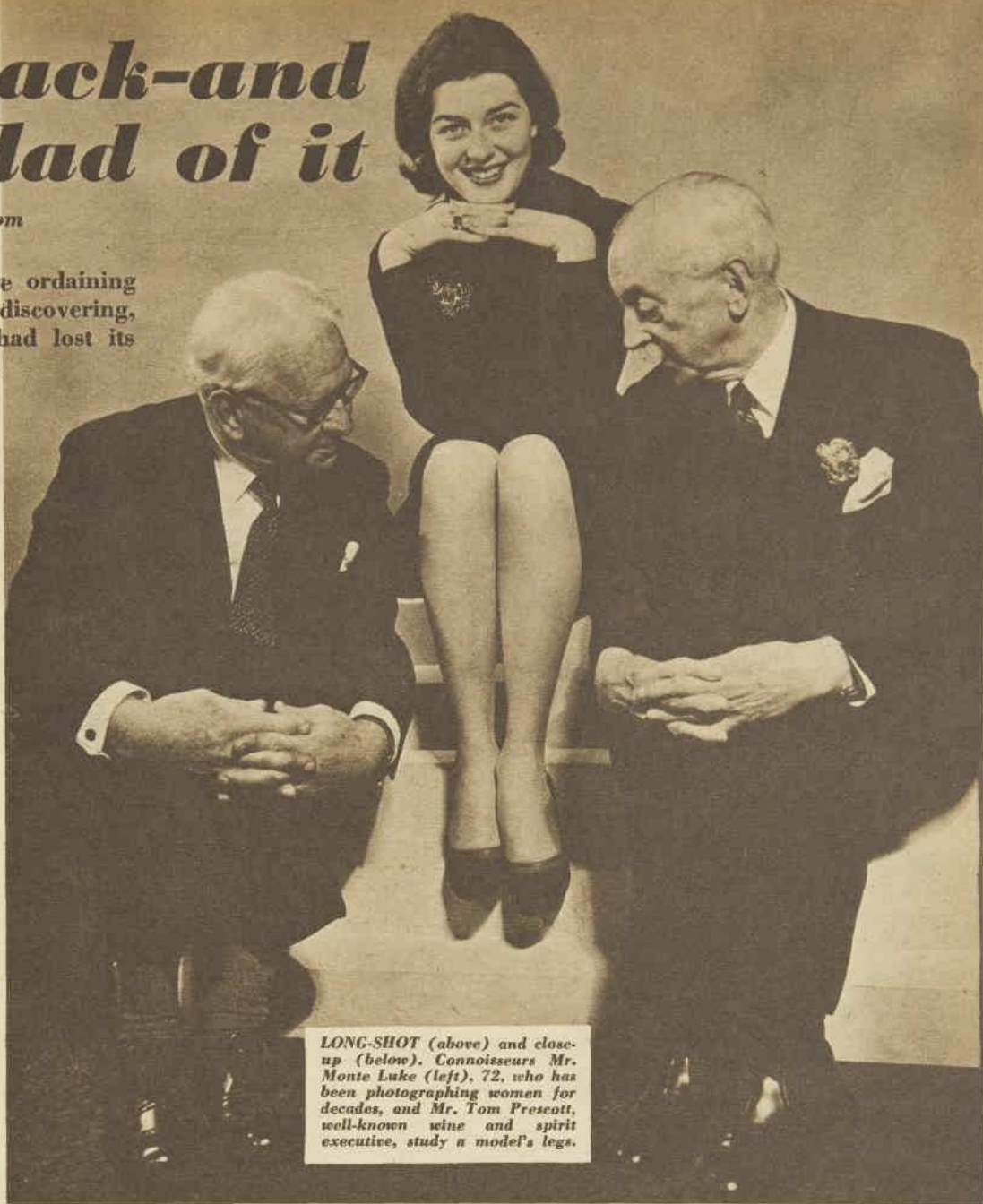
"Although the bust has been over-emphasised lately, the real appeal to the connoisseur is the legs."

"The wolf cry on a beach is a sure sign not of appreciation of the bust but of beautiful long legs."

Andrew MacCunn, J. C. Williamson's musical director, scoffed: "Legs will never lose their appeal—and I've had a close view of thousands."

"In the old days many showgirls had massive figures. Then the slinky type came in. Now we have both kinds. But all legs appeal—if they're graceful."

"Although the trend seems to be moving upwards, it won't get out of hand. Legs and bust will come to a working arrangement. I'd give a written guarantee of that . . ."



LONG-SHOT (above) and close-up (below). Connoisseurs Mr. Monte Luke (left), 72, who has been photographing women for decades, and Mr. Tom Prescott, well-known wine and spirit executive, study a model's legs.

Joern Utzon, designer of Sydney's Opera House:

"A woman cannot be truly beautiful unless she has beautiful legs. I don't think legs will ever lose their appeal because they are for display as well as use."

League footballer Clive Churchill was scornful.

"American men must be getting effeminate. Legs haven't lost any of their appeal—they're not likely to."

"Ninety-eight per cent. of men look at women's legs. The other two per cent., who say they don't, are liars."

"I always look first and quickly at the face and complexion, then hair. Then I start at the shoes and work upwards, lingering on the legs."

"I like legs, and the most perfect are my wife's."

Said Italian Vice-Consul Dr. V. C. Farinelli: "If legs are losing their appeal in America there is only one conclusion: American girls must have bad legs."

"There was a time when any leg, or part of it, was good to look at, but now it is delightful to compare all legs and select the beautiful ones."

The French Commercial Counsellor, Mr. R. Miot:



"I wish I had more time to devote to their study."

"My appreciation takes a particular form. I am allergic to ugly legs."

Sculptor Lyndon Dadswell: "Momentarily, but only momentarily, design and publicity are directed at the bust. Frankly, it has never occurred to me that legs could ever lose their appeal."

Dr. Norman Behan, Queensland National Gallery

trustee, thinks that knees are bony eruptions which should be hidden by three or four inches of skirt.

"Pretty feet and ankles will fan a man's admiration, but a blatant display of nylon is boring and in bad taste."

Edouard Borovansky, founder of the Borovansky Ballet Company:

"Any woman who has lovely legs should not hide them. They are her most appreciable asset."

"But I wouldn't like to see the hemline go to the height of the 'twenties. That was not graceful, not beautiful."

Two of the younger generation men-about-Sydney were a bit divided.

Said Dick Keep: "I always look at a girl's legs first, then her face."

"No, I don't believe that the more you uncover legs the less interest legs have."

"The test is a girl in a bathing costume. A man always looks at her legs first."

Said Peter Lloyd Jones:

"I always look at the face first, unless the legs are bad. You don't notice them unless they are."

"The fashion for higher skirts may help bring legs and bust into better fashion balance."

Now a final word from James Laver, that eminent English authority on fashion:

"Fashion is never inanimate. It is never at rest . . ."

"The zone (of interest in the female body) is always shifting, and it is the business of fashion to pursue it without ever catching up."

"If you do catch it up, you are arrested for indecent exposure. If you almost catch it up, you are celebrated as a leader of fashion."

THE GRAPES OF MIRTH



COSTUMED GUESTS at the "Back to Grandfather's Day" dinner held by the Bacchus Club at the Nuriootpa community hotel in the Barossa Valley. At right is Foodmaster Mr. Alf Wark, in the scarlet-and-gold-braided uniform of a Colonel of the 33rd Sepoy Regiment of Madras, of Indian Mutiny days, with his wife, in blue satin, and Mr. and Mrs. Bryon Dolan.



MUSIC. Members of the Barossa Valley Quartette, in striped blazers and boaters, sang old-time songs. Pianist is Derrick Truscovitch, with (from left) Gordon Holmes, Clifton Thorn, Eric Thorn, Bill Truscovitch.



ELEGANT TRIO. June Henson, Mrs. Ian Drever, and Mrs. Condor Laucke, whose husband is a member of the South Australian Parliament. Mrs. Drever highlighted her gown with a frilled straw hat. Mrs. Laucke wore a 50-year-old lace gown that belonged to her mother, and veiled her hat with an old motoring veil.

Vintage wine and vintage dress in Barossa Valley

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

● Pioneer memories of the Barossa Valley, the great grape-growing and wine-making district of South Australia, were revived when Bacchus Club members and their wives dressed the part for a "Back to Grandfather's Day" dinner at the Nuriootpa community hotel.

THE hotel, 47 miles from Adelaide, is known as the "Vine Inn," and the dinner, from its beginning, was an occasion.

It was as though the six founders of the wine industry, whose portraits hung over the official table, had set the tempo.

The portraits were of Dr. Rawson Penfold; Johann Gramp, who founded Orlando; Samuel Smith, creator of Yalumba; Ernest Tolley; Joseph E. Seppelt; and Oscar Basedow.

The 90 dinner guests dressed in the clothes of these famous men's era, sang the songs they sang, ate the food they enjoyed, while vintage wines accompanied each course.

Mrs. Sidney Hill Smith and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mark Hill Smith, decorated the tables.

They set old-time posies on paper d'oyleys. Against antique silver candelabra they

arranged small cerise heart-shaped cushions edged with white lace and stabbed with messages such as "From me to thee" and "Forever thine."

At intervals an antique gramophone ground out Harry Lauder records. The Barossa Valley Quartette sang old-time songs including "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" with the guests joining in the chorus.

The menu was solid 19th-century English food—oxtail soup, fish, duckling, and apple pie.

Cellarmaster was bewitched Mr. Wyndham Hill Smith, whose family vineyards at Angaston owe their foundation to grape-vine cuttings sent from France, Spain, and Portugal by the founder of South Australia, George Fyle Angas, to Mr. Hill Smith's great-grandfather, Samuel Smith.

George Angas' great-grandson, Sir Keith Angas, recalled this link between the families in his reply to a toast.



FAMILY GROUP. Mrs. Sidney Hill Smith (right), whose husband was a great-grandson of the founder of Yalumba wines, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mark Hill Smith, who posed beside Mr. John Hill Smith.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1957



LEFT: Mr. J. A. (Tony) Nelson, Austrian Consul in South Australia, and Mrs. Nelson in Austrian costume. Mr. Nelson cabled Vienna for his wife's dress.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gramp in front of the portrait of Colin's great-grandfather, Johann Gramp, who established Orlando wines. Colin wore Johann's embroidered velvet smoking cap and his grandfather's suit.



FOURTH GENERATION Karl Seppelt, in a suit and top hat of his grandfather, the late Benno Seppelt, whose name is inscribed inside the hat. Mrs. Cal John's black taffeta gown, originally a wedding dress, was lent to her by a friend in the Valley.

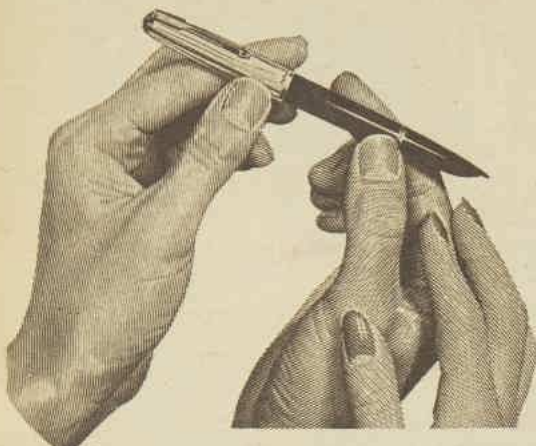


MOUSTACHED waiter Alec Semmler poured a glass of wine for wine chemist Peter Lehmann and his pretty Scots wife, who was dressed in an ankle-length dress of blue-and-white-striped material. Four waiters wore old-fashioned aprons to serve the guests. Pictures by Max Farrell.



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You'll know the joy of giving the wanted gift when you give the Parker '51' Pen! For it's the world's most-wanted pen. Only Parker has the incredibly smooth Electro-Polished point that brings an ease to writing never known before. Choose the Parker '51' Pen. Wide variety of nib grades.

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Elegant and beautiful and as finely made, Parker Ballpoints are perfect companions to famous Parker Pens and Pencils. Five times the usual writing capacity, with a sliding cap that extends and retracts the writing point.

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Parker Duofold pens from 48/3d. to 88/6d.
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Peter Mitchell Will Quest for 1957

● Competitions will be conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly for the fourth successive year to find 15 young Australian women who will benefit from the late Peter Mitchell's will.

● In addition, as in the 1955 competitions, we will carry out the quest for ten Australian youths under 21 who will also benefit.

Prizes for women are:
1st Prize, £498/16/9
2nd Prize, £249/8/4
3rd Prize, £124/14/2
12 Prizes of £62/7/1 each.

Prizes for youths are:
1st Prize, £304/11/-
2nd Prize, £101/10/-
3 Prizes of £50/15/2 each.

THESE prizes are awarded to successful competitors under what has been regarded for many years as one of the strangest wills in Australian history.

The late Peter Mitchell, a grazier of Bringenbrong, near Albury, N.S.W., died in 1921 leaving a fortune of more than £215,000.

His will directed that after the death of his widow—a life tenant in the trust who died in 1954—the net income from his estate should be awarded, through a number of periodical competitions, as prizes to 15 unmarried women under the age of 30, 10 youths under 21, and to soldiers, sailors, and police.

The Australian Women's Weekly was appointed by the trustees of the Peter Mitchell Estate to conduct on their behalf the quest for the women and youths to benefit from the will.

The trustees are Walter George Henderson, retired solicitor, of Robertson, N.S.W., his daughter, Miss Jocelyn Henderson, Brigadier Raymond Walter Tovell, chartered accountant, of Melbourne, and the Union Trustee Company of Australia, Ltd.

The high standard set by candidates selected as finalists in the past three years has deeply impressed the trustees and judges.

Coming from all Australian States, the finalists also have enjoyed their stay in Sydney, where the final examinations have been held.

From the number of inquiries already received about the 1957 competitions, we feel sure that again this year we will be able to find 15 young Australian women



FIRST QUEST winner, in 1954, was Jocelyn Dawson, then a Melbourne librarian. Now Mrs. M. Banks, she enjoys life on the farm her husband has near Bendigo.



LAST YEAR'S quest winner, Diana Pitkethley, a physiotherapist, of Sydney, used her prizemoney to travel. She is now in Canada, and goes from there soon to England.



1955 WINNER of the women's section was South Australian school teacher Joan Williams, who put her prizemoney towards a caravan and car when she married Leading Airman Bernard Phases. Stationed at the Naval Air Depot, Nowra, N.S.W., the couple now have a son, Mark, born last June.

and 10 youths who will meet all the requirements laid down by the late Peter Mitchell.

Women competitors must be unmarried and under the age of 30. Youths must be under the age of 21. Other conditions of the will as they apply to women and youths are roughly the same.

Requirements

They must be British subjects and bona-fide residents of the Commonwealth of Australia, of a white race, and not the offspring of first cousins.

They must have good physical health, be able to swim, and ride a horse "reasonably well," and have a knowledge of the geography, climates, and primary products of Australia.

They must know also something about the history of the British Empire.

A knowledge of elementary anatomy and physiology and the main functions of the human body and of first-aid is required.

The main test that women candidates must pass is:

"Practical and theoretic knowledge of the nursing in sickness and health, handling, management, training, care, and rearing to perfect health and strength of babies and young children."

They will also be judged on the soundness of their "knowledge of practical housekeeping and domestic economy, and the necessity for clean and sanitary surroundings and conditions."

An extra requirement for male candidates is that they must be able to shoot "reasonably well." They must also have "honorably fulfilled all military obligations imposed upon them by the laws of the Commonwealth of Australia."

Male applicants will be tested also on their knowledge of the British Constitution and on the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia and of their own State.

In addition, both male and female applicants must have a "knowledge and understanding" of the Protestant Bible and the books listed in the Third Schedule of the will, a copy of which applicants will receive with application forms.

Anyone who thinks he or she is eligible will have no difficulty in entering the quest. Simply write to us for an application form and an examination paper.

To obtain these, fill in the form published on this page and return it to us. The completed application and the answers to the examination questions must be returned to the box number given not later than November 30, 1957.

The trustees have set 50 per cent. in this written examination as a minimum standard for eligibility of candidates for further consideration.



MEDICAL STUDENT 22-year-old Geoffrey Porter, now in his final year at Queensland University, has the money he won in the 1955 Quest "socked away untouched" to take him to London for post-graduate work, specialising in surgery.

From the results we will choose a number of candidates in each State to come to their capital cities for interviews and further examinations by committees of experts.

All travel and hotel expenses will be paid by The Australian Women's Weekly.

So there it is — the 1957 Peter Mitchell Will Quest, a challenge, we feel, to Australian women and youths.

You may have to work to meet some of the conditions of the competition. Peter Mitchell was not in search of "perfect women and youths," but he hoped that, with valuable prizes to be won, young people would be encouraged to work for them.

And think of the help the prize-money could be in realising that particular, long-held ambition of yours.

FILL IN THIS FORM

● When you have filled in this form, return it, with a self-addressed foolscap envelope bearing 4d. stamp, to:
"Peter Mitchell Quest,"
Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney

Please send me the papers necessary to make application to benefit from the Peter Mitchell Trust. I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

Name

Address

State

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**FRESH! YOUNG!
ALIVE!**

Cha-Cha!

the new living colour in

KAYSER
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the colour lift it really needs

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Shining, Silken-soft
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You'll be delighted with the new beauty Egg Creme Shampoo brings to your hair... hidden subtleties of tone... lustrous sheen alluringly revealed... and so easily, quickly, simply by the almost magical action of the egg formula which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well-groomed. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.



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ECONOMICAL BOTTLES
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And Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—
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Watch for announcement of our new book, "The Living Bush," based on our weekly feature, "These are Australian." You'll find details of how to order this splendid all-color book in next week's paper.

BUTCH



"If it comes out I think I'll have it made into a birthday card..."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"Hey, Mum! Is this house insured against fire?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

WHEN a list of unclaimed lottery prizes was issued lately a newspaper rang a phone number which appeared to belong to the winner of £10.

"Yes," said the lady who answered. "It's probably mine. I never bother to check the small prizes."

This is an attitude one can only admire. It is uncommon in women, who usually have in their minds a large list of possessions they desire, ranging in cost from ten shillings to £10,000. Thus they are pleased even with a share of a fiver.

I know a man who never checks small prizes. He scans the list of big winners, throws the ticket in a handy wastepaper basket.

His wife invariably retrieves it and studies the small prizes.

I have noticed that he never throws the ticket in the fire.

THAT philodendron I mention from time to time is at present reposing neglected on the top of a cupboard, watered rarely, and surviving against odds.

A caller was shocked when she saw it the other day.

"It's not as if you don't get some sun," she said with reproof. "My flat hasn't any sun, but I always take the indoor plants for a walk to the park at weekends."

OVERSEAS reports indicate that the Mike Todd film "Around the World in 80 Days" gives full value for the millions it cost to make.

And all its advance publicity—the film opens in Sydney on September 25—is in the grand manner that showman Todd has made his own.

All film companies send out brochures known as Press sheets about their productions, some of them fairly elaborate, magazine-like publications.

"Around the World" is heralded by a hard-covered, 72-page book illustrated in color.

Best of all I liked the invitation that accompanied the book.

It carried a picture of Mike with a facsimile of his signature and the printed message: "I would regard it as a compliment if you would meet my Australian representatives at a reception to be held at the Starlight Room, Hotel Australia, on Tuesday, August 20, 1957. The purport is to give you pre-presentation details of my production, 'Around the World in 80 Days.'"

The body of this wording was in black lettering, the film title in gilt.

Invitations of one kind and another flow freely into newspaper offices, but the beginning of this one—"I would regard it as a compliment"—has that brand of brazen modesty that only the Mike Todd organisation would conceive.

AMERICA'S old-time screen sweetheart, Mary Pickford, said this month that she didn't think she would ever let her old pictures be shown on television.

"We were watching some old pictures once when Lionel Barrymore was alive," she said, "and everyone began to laugh at our funny clothes. There were tears in Lionel's eyes."

Miss Pickford put her finger on the essential point of laughing at old pictures, whether movie or still. If it's your own photograph album and you laugh yourself, that's fine. But you don't like other people to laugh too heartily.

You never look as amusing to yourself as you do to other people. You may smile indulgently at the past fashions, but you remember that in its time that was considered a very pretty blue dress. As for the hat, it was the smartest shape of the season.

And as for the person wearing these clothes—well, it's you, isn't it? And what, you ask yourself in an offended way, is so funny about YOU?

POSTSCRIPT to a paragraph a couple of weeks back suggesting distinguishing signs for drivers.

A woman, writing to a daily paper, had proposed N for novice. I added N.H. for No Hands, and N.A.S. for Not Always Sober. This week a reader writes:

"There is another one so obvious that you must have left it out on purpose—W.D. for Woman Driver."

The letter comes from Gum Flat, via Inverell, the signature A. F. Baldwin. MISTER Baldwin, I presume.

CITIZENS of Unterbach, Switzerland, were reported to be worried at the lack of tourists till the mayor had the idea of giving votes to women, who until then had no voting rights in Switzerland. Unterbach became famous as a result and a growing stream of visitors flocks there.

"In Hawaii," said the mayor,
"Girls wear flowers in their hair.
Furthermore they dance the hula.
But in Bali, to be cooler,
Girls wear skirts but not a top,
Causing visitors to stop.
Homegrown girls are hard to beat,
Everybody says they're sweet.
Let us give them all the vote,
Watch how travellers will dote."

It is said, in Unterbach,
More especially after dark,
Travellers like to dim the lights,
Talk at length on women's rights.
Well, the story may be true,
I can't swallow it, can you?

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DAD.

SEPT. 1ST
1957



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"Mr. Maverik"
Tan leather Moccasin casual
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★ AT YOUR STORE

Prices may vary
slightly outside
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269

"Airflow"

"Cello-crepe" rubber soled casual
in Tan "Airflow" leather 38/11

BETTA SHOE FACTORY PTY. LTD.
10 CAIRO STREET, ROCKDALE, N.S.W.

Rachmaninoff in a wheatfield

Young Perth pianist did better — he played beside the sea

● A "back-to-nature" movement in the covers of American record albums has taken the brunette off the cover of a cello concerto album; the dreamy blonde from a violin concerto.

IN their place are outdoor photographs of the musicians who make the recordings.

This news of the record world has been given by young Western Australian pianist-composer Ray Hartley.

Ray, one of the few Australian pianists to make a name in New York, is in Perth to see his mother, Mrs. Naomi Hartley, who has been a patient in Kellerberrin Hospital.

He said that the new "naturalist" school in album covers began with pianist Artur Schnabel.

For a cover for two Rachmaninoff concertos, Rubinstein and a grand piano were taken to the middle of an Ohio wheatfield. There was no question of superimposing a picture of the pianist on one of a wheatfield. It had to be the real thing.

For Ray's album cover he was transported in white tie and tails to the Colony Beach

By
WINFRED BISSET,
staff reporter

Club on Long Island. With him went a Steinway grand piano, a "Vogue" magazine photographer, and a portable palm tree that had to be shifted 15 times because the tide was rising.

The party was rounded out with five trucking assistants, three people from the record company's art department, and girls from its publicity department.

The photographer took at least 30 color photographs. Cost for the day: about £750.

Ray said there would be no hesitation in arranging for a singer to be photographed on a crag in the Rockies or a clarinetist suspended from the Empire State Building.

Ray, now 30, said his success story took 19 years, three music academies, a lifetime of practice, and a large slice of luck.

Born in Kellerberrin, he started music lessons at St. Joseph's Convent.

After leaving school he played the piano in Perth morning and night for dancing classes, and, with his three-man band, accompanying ballet classes, to get the money to travel to Sydney.

In Sydney he worked for the Australian Broadcasting Commission and in night-clubs while studying with Nancy Salas and at the Conservatorium.

His next stop was London and the Royal Academy of Music.

"Hit" number

To warm himself one bleak winter morning, he wrote the music of "Let's Do It Again." A few weeks later he found himself famous.

He continued at the Academy, played for the B.B.C., Radio Luxembourg, and in music-halls, and appeared before King George VI in a Command Performance.

By Christmas, 1953, Ray



REUNION at the Forest Hills Inn, New York, for Ray Hartley and Jenny and Lewis Hoad. The inn is next to the West Side Tennis Club, America's "Wimbledon."

was in the United States with a sheaf of introductions and an interview appointment in Hollywood with Louis Lipton, head of Paramount Pictures Music Department.

Paramount's London head, Richard Mealand, who signed Audrey Hepburn for "Roman Holiday," had heard Ray in London, and arranged the interview.

This should have been the beginning of Ray's American success. It was almost the end.

He had visa trouble, and, three months later, Louis Lipton died.

"I went to Toronto, Canada, and sold radios in a depart-

ment store while waiting for my American visa to be extended," said Ray. "When it was, I travelled to New York and really started at the bottom."

"For some weeks I played in a bar in the Bowery, a bar so obscure I can't remember its name."

But his work was heard, and he moved to the "Blue Angel," a smart supper-club. He worked at a series of supper-clubs, finally at the famous Club Fifty-nine, and was signed for an extended engagement at the Forest Hills

Inn, where he now plays six nights a week.

Forest Hills Inn is an English-style hotel next to the West Side Tennis Club, where Davis Cup finals are played, and New York newspapers featured Ray as "the first Australian to make Forest Hills without a tennis racket in his hand."

With Jack Lawrence, who wrote the lyrics of "Sleepy Lagoon" and "Tenderly," he composed songs that later led to a contract with R.C.A. Victor, America's biggest record firm, where he and Frankie Carle are rated the leading pianists.

Ray's first album will be released in the United States at the end of September, and in Australia at the end of the year.

A folio of his compositions is also in production, including "French Fries," "Debutante," "Rush Hour," and "Shopping Spree."

Daily practice

Ray has written material for Mae West. "Mae is still one of the biggest night-club acts in the States," he said. "I haven't given her age—she would kill me—but she has her own teeth and a skin like a baby's."

Ray Hartley practises three hours a day, has taken further tuition at the Juilliard School of Music in New York, and plays Debussy and Bach for his own pleasure.

Today he has a New York apartment, a long-term contract, and a "nice, warm feeling of security," but his prize possession is a gold pin presented for his services for the American Theatre Wing at the Franklin D. Roosevelt War Veterans' Mental Hospital at Montrose, New York.

There he plays every Monday night for mentally ill ex-servicemen. He never misses, and Monday is his only free night in the week.

He soon flies back to New York to be present at the release of his album, on the cover of which he appears in white tie and tails, playing a grand piano on a beach that is "realistic" to the portable palm tree that had to be shifted 15 times.

TELEVISION PARADE

● Dental lathes, vacuum cleaners, cake-mixers, thermostatically controlled hot-water systems, and irons have been tracked down as the greatest cause of television interference in Sydney.

By NAN MUSGROVE

MANY people have made inquiries about and complaints of interference since the P.M.G.'s Department recently issued their booklet on how to get the best TV reception.

Complaints received show that interference in Sydney is worse in the flat-dwelling areas in the Eastern Suburbs, North Sydney, Coogee, and Bondi.

It has different forms.

Interference shows sometimes on the screen as a series of black-ribbed lines that vary in direction and position. At other times it causes a series of short flashes across the screen.

P.M.G. technicians who investigate the complaints do not service your TV receiver—they only find out what's causing the trouble, and, like any good diagnostician, prescribe the likely cure.

I hear they've been very successful so far.

★ ★ ★

ANY time now a shout that will announce the 100,000th licensed TV set in Australia is likely to be heard

ringing round Sydney's G.P.O.

New South Wales now has 39,124 licensed TV receivers, Victoria 56,606, and if set-owners keep increasing in present proportion, the end of August will notch up Australia's first 100,000 sets.

In America, after 10 years of TV, there are 42,060,000 sets licensed for black-and-white reception and 159,000 licensed to receive color TV.

After America's astronomical figure, you'll be interested to hear that Tasmania has 11 licensed receivers, which get fine reception from Melbourne stations.

And to round off the home-entertainment picture—there are 2,107,253 licensed radio sets in the Commonwealth.

★ ★ ★

CHANNEL 9, TCN's trouble-shooter Phil Rutledge is very cheerful since the announcement that TCN's championship wrestling programme will be shown in future every Saturday afternoon at 4.15.

Phil had a really bad time over this popular programme. The wrestling is filmed in

America at the Hollywood Legion stadium. It features bouts between wrestlers rated among the world's top 20 matmen.

The show, apparently the all-time favorite in local bars, started at 9.15 and ran for an hour. It was the last 15 minutes that were the trouble—hotelkeepers couldn't get rid of their customers till it finished.

When the doors closed they would telephone TCN and ask for the programme to be earlier. When programming difficulties were explained, they spoke their minds rather roughly on occasions, and Mr. Rutledge got the lot.

Top performance came one night when the wrestling didn't start till 9.45 and the customers took no notice of plaintive calls of "Time, gentlemen, please."

About six weeks ago TCN's programmes were rearranged and there was no convenient place at all for the wrestling.

Ever since, some hotelkeepers have been pleading for its return. The Saturday afternoon time-slot is the answer to the problem.

Everyone is pleased; the hotelkeepers and their customers and Mr. Rutledge, who doesn't miss his late-at-night telephone calls at all.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the things that makes singer Johnny Marco a pleasant character to watch on TV is that he is among the few singers who don't combine vigorous gymnastics with their music.

Johnny stands up and sings. His singing is sweet, and apart from occasional hand gestures he concentrates on it.

Many other pop singers don't. They seem to think that TV demands songs with animation. They go back to their kindergarten days and sing furiously while they "interpret" the song with a peculiar combination of physical jerks and eurythmics.

(One of my favorite amusements when these gymnastic singers appear is to turn the sound down and just look at the picture. It's better for laughs than any Hall of Mirrors.)

To get back to Johnny Marco. In real life he is a Sydney boy who uses "Marco" as his stage name. He thinks it has more glamor for show



JOHNNY MARCO, who sings in Keith Walsha's popular show "Sydney Tonight," from Channel 7, ATN.

business than his real name of Rooney.

Johnny is under contract to Channel 7, ATN and appears Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays as "Sydney Tonight's" featured singer.

He has his own style and doesn't imitate any of the overseas "greats." His ambition is to be better than he is, which seems to indicate that he may live up to the promise he shows.

On the side he is a composer. He has won two song competitions with what he describes as popular ballads. The two songs, "The Flower Seller" and "The Lights of Paris" (which he has not yet seen), have both been recorded by Columbia.



For cheering the play or business day

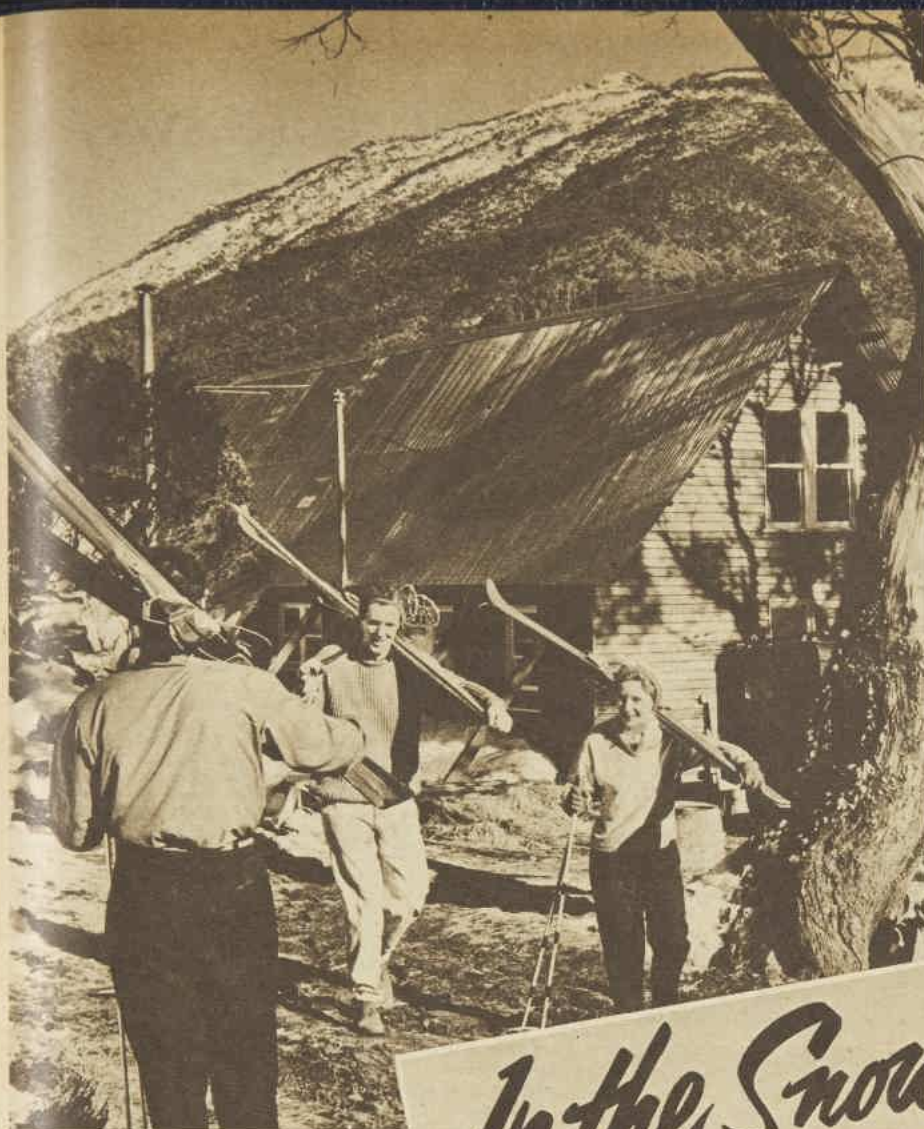
put your best foot forward in Nylon socks

For men who like comfort with a bit of dash, Nylon socks are stepping out in colours and patterns to suit every taste, any occasion. And Nylon has the gift of fit. Smoothly wrinkle free, Nylon socks never sag, never bag. You'll find they wash in a wink, cannot shrink, and wear with lasting comfort. Wise buys for all men — and all wives too — are socks of fabulous . . .

Nylon



British Nylon Spinners Ltd., — Suppliers of Nylon yarn and Nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.



CRACKENBACK HUT. Ian Carlewis and Constance Hughes pass John Parker as they set out from the new Crackenback Ski Club for a morning on the slopes.



SKI CLUB OF AUSTRALIA MEMBERS. Mackenzie Munro, of "Gaerloch," Cooma, eats an orange as he watches the club races at Charlotte Pass with Deidre Toohey, of "Mandemar," Berrima, and Mrs. Bob Boekemann (right), of Lindfield. These ski pictures were taken by Douglass Baglin at Kosciusko.

In the Snow AT KOSCIUSKO



AT THE SKI-TOW on the top of Charlotte Pass are Mrs. Norman Palmer, of Sutton Forest, and Bill Gordon, of "The Gib," Bungendore.



ABOVE. Mrs. Geoff Hughes, who stayed at the new Crackenback Ski Club in the Thredbo Valley, introduces Louise Spennar to Samoyed pup "Me, Too."



LEFT. Mrs. David Gorden, of "Werriwa," Bungendore, waxes her skis before the Ski Club of Australia races, which were held at Charlotte Pass. With her is Jo Feilden, of "Swatchfield," Oberon, who is a member of the Ski Club of Great Britain.



AUSTRALIAN SKI-JUMP CHAMPION Paul Reader (left) pours a drink for Sir William Hudson watched by Donald Maclurean (second from left), Mrs. Ashleigh Davy, and Dr. Davy. Sir William visited Crackenback Club to present the prizes for the New South Wales Ski Championships.



HOT DRINKS ALL ROUND. Mrs. Bob Maclurean pours glurine (mulled wine) for John Parker (left), Bob Maclurean, and Ken Breakspear, members of the Crackenback Ski Club, who competed in the N.S.W. Championships.

FOR THE **Big Chief** ON FATHER'S DAY....



Big-Value Gift Boxed

Polo

HANDKERCHIEFS

Young braves and squaws like giving Polo handkerchiefs—and Big Chiefs love to receive them! Because Polo handkerchiefs are made from the finest of cotton—pure white, initialled or colour-keyed to the Big Chief's suits. No better value—you can buy one of the newly designed 1957 Polo gift boxes of three Polo handkerchiefs for surprisingly little wampum!



Gift Boxes:	
3 coloured	9/9
6 coloured	19/6
3 white	8/3
6 white	16/6

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Life is hard enough without a teenager having to cope with different directions from each parent. It's not fair. Parents must agree on the freedom and privileges they will allow their children if the children are to grow up happy and healthy.

OTHERWISE, you find daughters in the unhappy position of the girl in this letter:

"I AM in my early teens and like a boy my senior by two years. My mother allows me to go out with this boy unknown to Dad, but Dad says it is not right that I should. My mother lets me go behind Dad's back, but I know this is not right; if Dad ever found out it would be stopped altogether. Mum has tried to reason with Dad, but he still says I am too young. Please advise us."

"Me n'Mum," N.S.W.

I think this is awful. There surely is no pleasure in out-ings with the boy in these circumstances.

Why don't you and Mum sit down and think over the whole situation of your going out with boys?

I think Dad is probably quite right. You say you are "in your early teens" and that your father thinks you are too young for boys. As he does, it is the height of stupidity and disloyalty to continue this friendship. Such disregard for his dictates puts you, and your mother, too, in line for a lot of unhappiness.

"FOR a long time my girlfriend and I have been seeing some boys at our local shops. We used to talk to them quietly and people did not seem to mind. A few weeks ago some more girls put in an appearance at the shops and caused rather a disturbance. As we are rather like these girls to look at, we were mistaken for them, and they have been telling the boys a whole lot of lies about us and telling people we are a nuisance. We would like to see justice done. The boys will not speak to us."

"Wrongly Accused," S.A.

I am very much on the side of teenagers. I feel that a great many of the stories told about them are untrue, but



A word from Debbie . . .

HERE are two wonderful recipes—a couple that go well together, one for a drink and one for a sweetmeat to nibble with it.

Chocolate Yum Yums: Melt 2oz. of chocolate pieces over hot water, add 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, 1 dessert-spoon melted butter or substitute, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 dessert-spoon coffee essence, 1 cup crushed plain sweet biscuits, and 1 tablespoon condensed milk. Mix together well, adding a little extra condensed milk if needed. Form into small balls and roll in sifted icing-sugar. Serve with an Hawaiian Milk Shake.

Hawaiian Milk Shake: Into a large basin pour 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and 3 tablespoons sugar. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add one-third of a cup of chipped ice and two cups chilled milk. Beat thoroughly with egg-beater. Serve in tall glasses topped with whipped cream or ice-cream.

when they hang round shops for the sole purpose of meeting and talking to boys, I believe they must expect unpleasantness.

In your case, the unpleasantness is that people say you are a nuisance. I don't doubt it. Even if you lean against a window or near a doorway, you may hinder people shopping. And that's what shops are for—to shop at, not to use as a romantic meeting-place.

I would keep well away from the shops, if I were you, and you may meet other boys under nicer circumstances.

"I AM 17½ years old, 5ft 9in. tall. I am rather thin, which makes me feel and look taller than I am. My main problem is small hips and a very small bust. Could you please tell me if there is any way of gaining more weight in these two places?"

"Self-conscious," Qld.

There is no system you can use to fatten a particular place, but a general increase in weight all over would naturally add to the thin places. This is quite easy.

To the ordinary food you eat now, you must add two chocolate malted milkshakes each day or three flavored milkshakes. If you do this without ever a miss, you'll find you will gain weight. But you won't unless you have the milkshakes as well as your ordinary food. None of this business of cutting out tea and cake and having a milkshake. You have to add to your present food.

Get weighed before you start and then on the same day each week; you'll be amazed at the results. If you don't like milkshakes, replace them with 2 4oz. blocks of chocolate daily.

"I HAVE quite good features apart from my chin, which is rather undeveloped. I wonder if there is some exercise I could do to develop my lower jaw?"

S.M., N.S.W.

I'm afraid you're stuck with your jawbone as is, but I have heard that if you say "Q.X." very hard it often improves the chin. I really don't see how it could, but it's worth a try.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

PERSONABLE young ballad singer William Clauson, an American of Swedish origin, is soon to visit Australia and his LP record (OCLP) is shortly to go on sale to mark the occasion. Unlike most visiting artists who appear only in the capital cities, Clauson will go to country towns and provincial centres in all States. He will even venture as far afield as King Island in the Bass Strait and Port Moresby.

When I saw his disc, which is called "Folk Songs and Ballads," I thought I was in for a session that would be either dreary or arty-crafty. To my surprise I enjoyed the whole record immensely.

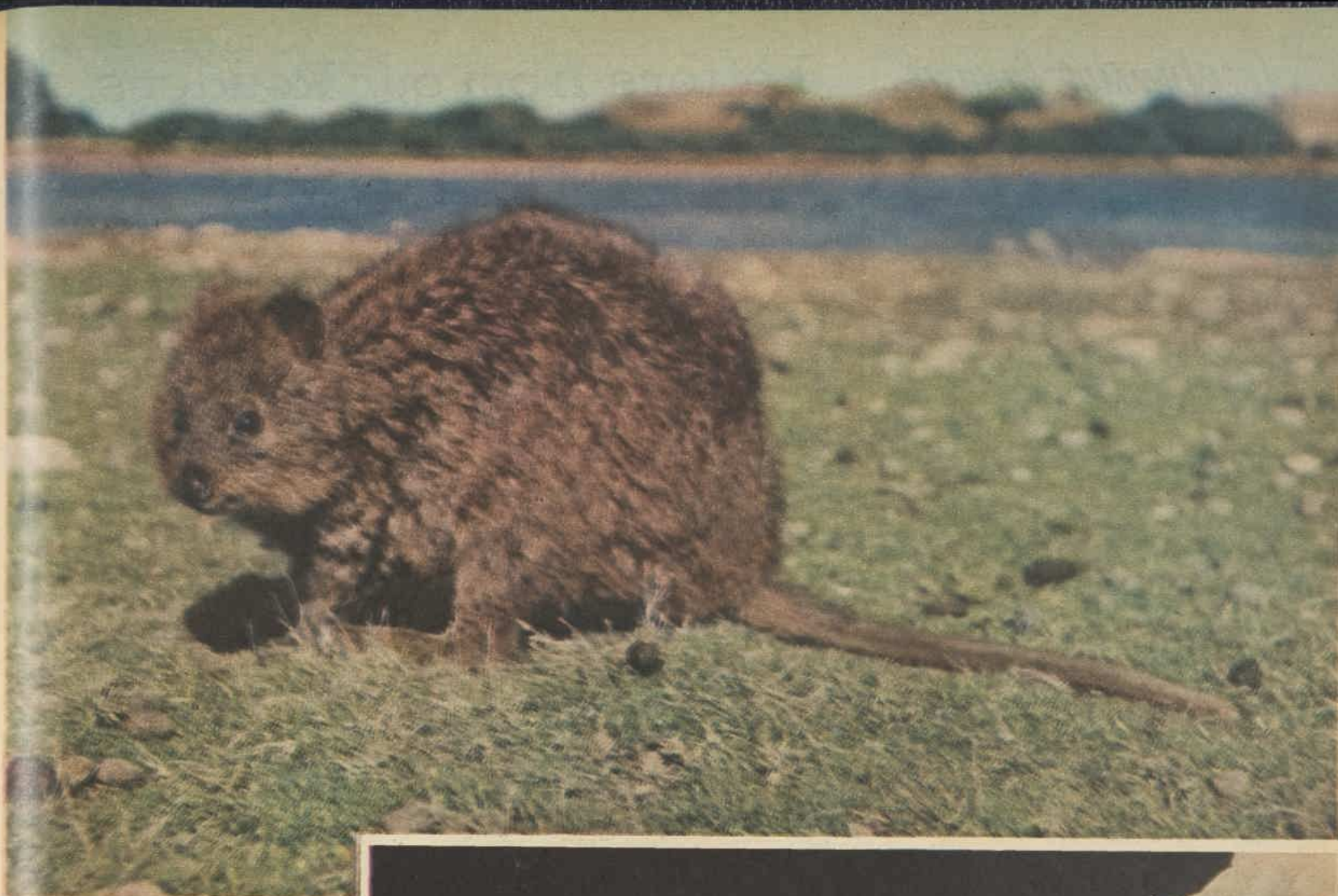
Clauson has a really pleasing light voice and he accompanies himself on guitar. Of

the nineteen songs he gives, those I liked best were "Li'l Liza Jane," "Sippin' Cider" (from which that pop song of a few years back, "Sippin' Soda," was lifted), "Ske Boat Song," and "Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair," in my opinion one of the loveliest songs you could possibly hear. "Sinner Man" is also a stand-out, an impassioned spiritual type of folk song, which originated with a fanatical religious sect in the Appalachian Mountains. Altogether, this is a most refreshing and entertaining disc.

My cumbersome set of Debussy preludes, recorded by Walter Gieseking on 78 r.p.m. records, has been earmarked for a one-way trip to the attic now that the same artist has

freshly recorded them on one 12-inch LP (33OCX.1098). This posthumous issue is a fine memorial to a pianist who ranked among the world's finest musicians, and when he played Debussy he had no equal anywhere. This 1st Book of Preludes, which is superior to the 2nd Book, is the very spirit of Debussy and contains at least two "hits"—"The Girl With the Flaxen Hair" and "The Submerged Cathedral." Even the titles of the remaining ten preludes suggest music: "Sounds and Perfumes Linger in the Evening Air," "The Little Hills of Anacapri," and "Wind On the Plain" are typical examples. I consider this an essential disc for anyone who loves the piano.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



ABOVE: Quokka or short-tailed pademelon (*Setonix brachyurus*) photographed on Rottnest Island, W.A., by Dr. G. Dunnet, of Canberra.

RIGHT: Brush-tailed rock wallaby (*Petrogale penicillata*), taken by Mr. A. C. Jackson at Jenolan Caves, N.S.W.

These are Australian:

WALLABIES

THE two animals on this page are wallabies, and are members of the kangaroo family.

Wallabies, broadly speaking, are small kangaroos, and are of several types. The quokka belongs to the group of scrub-wallabies also called pademelons. (Pademelon is believed to be a corruption of an aboriginal word.)

Unlike so many marsupials which have become scarce as settlement encroached, quokkas have continued to flourish in the coastal areas of south-west Australia, especially on Rottnest Island.

A little smaller than hares, with short tails and rounded ears, they looked like rats to early Dutch explorers, hence the name "Rottnest."

Rock-wallabies, of which there are several species, are astonishingly agile, leaping from rock to rock on their hind legs and using their tails as balancers. The species shown at right is familiar to visitors at Jenolan Caves, New South Wales. They are friendly, gentle animals.

Like other members of the kangaroo family they rest during the hotter part of the day, often sunbathe in the morning and late afternoon.

● Turn to page 35 for details of our new book, "The Living Bush."



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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THE Queen is an excellent public speaker, whose voice and demeanor command unfailing attention. While it may be democratic to criticise Royalty on matters of policy, it is grossly unfair to level personal criticisms regarding the quality of her voice. Anyway, life would be dull if it were possible to tune all voices to one pitch. It is much better to retain individuality, and although the Queen's voice is light it is pleasantly melodious and her enunciation is strikingly clear. This contrasts with many actors and people in public positions who should have benefited by speech training but have developed slovenly speech habits such as "I do," "y'know," and "y'see," while "h" is almost a forgotten member of their alphabet. If the Queen's deliberate, unaffected speech is to be regarded as "snooty," as Lord Altrincham suggests, then we'd all do well to aim at being a little "toffee-nosed."

£1/1/- to Mrs. Vivienne Short, Bungarribee Rd., Blacktown, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

I GET annoyed when I hear young people complain that child endowment should be increased. They seem to expect that their children should practically be kept for them. I have three little ones, and find the present allowance is a great help. But I shudder to think how I would flounder if a large sum suddenly ceased coming in as each child reached 16 years. We should take our hats off to our wonderful pioneers, who raised large families on little money and no security, without ever hearing of child endowment. They left us a wonderful country in which to live.

10/6 to Mrs. W. Bennetts, Nariel, via Cudgewa, Vic.

MY pet grouch concerns toys. There are many really good but rather expensive toy trucks, cars, and so on, available today, but their lives are often short-term because mechanically minded young children take off and lose wheels. This ruins the toy, and usually breaks the heart of the young wrecker, too. Why can't manufacturers make spare wheels which could be bought separately?

10/6 to Mrs. M. Holt, 246 Hector St., Joondana, Tuart Hill, Perth.

WOULD some kind reader please advise me how to stop my 21-month-old daughter chewing her fingernails from first thing in the morning until bedtime? The habit has become progressively worse, and I am very worried because I have tried everything to cure it. Will she grow out of this bad habit? It has worried me to the stage where I'll soon start biting my own nails if someone doesn't offer a solution.

10/6 to "Sandra's Mother" (name supplied), Rose Bay, N.S.W.

BECAUSE road accidents seem to be increasing it would be a good idea if road signs were placed at certain spots along the highways indicating the nearest hospital and phone. This would also save precious time in the case of sudden illness when travelling.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Walpole, 26 Willoughby St., Guildford, N.S.W.

WHY do so many people use friendship as an excuse for bad manners? On numerous occasions I have sent gifts to friends' children, and it has taken them three months to acknowledge them. The joy of giving is in knowing the present brought happiness to the recipient. How can we be certain of this unless we're told? Much thought and time go into making a purchase, so surely it's not too much to expect a reply.

10/6 to Mrs. T. Andrews, Box 219, Proserpine, North Qld.

Happy families

I WOULD like to reply to Mrs. Woodroff (7/8/57), who said she found people staring at her when she went out with her five children. I think she must be unduly sensitive, because a happy, large family is to be admired, not glared at. How often have I, as an only child, watched a gay family troop past, and wished I belonged to one. I think that when all things, such as health and finance, are favorable, it is wise to have a large family. They are often the happiest.

10/6 to "Tangerine" (name supplied), Marree, North Line, S.A.

Unhygienic holidays

HOW right is Mrs. Henry (7/8/57) in appealing for some sort of control on holiday houses. We booked a house at a fashionable seaside resort in Victoria for the January holidays. We were not allowed to inspect it beforehand, and had to pay the fantastic rent in advance. We "inherited" five dozen "empties," the remains of many crayfish suppers, a filthy house, and rickety beds covered with coarse grey blankets. It took 10 days to get rid of the rats, and sanitary and rubbish arrangements were primitive and inadequate. The so-called "frig" was a museum piece thrown out from some junk-yard, and it had not worked for years.

10/6 to "Never Again" (name supplied), Hawthorn, Vic.

Family affairs

LIKE most little girls, my two usually want to play with their friends for a while after school. Sometimes they bring their friends to our place, but when they play away from home, I like them back by five o'clock. Often it was 5.30 or so when they came running home, breathlessly offering the excuses: "Mrs. Brown's clock was slow" or "We didn't know it was so late." Thinking back, I realised how hard I had found it as a child to pick just the right moment to ask about the time. So I decided to make a small investment in a cheap kitchen alarm clock. Each afternoon the children take it with them, and now they are able to play happily until the alarm rings a few minutes before five, giving them time to put things away and say their goodbyes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Julie Corke, Post Office, Pallamallawa, N.S.W.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

BOOK REVIEW by HELEN FRIZELL

A sinister warning for parents

THE closest thing to an entry visa is Keith Waterhouse's ironically titled book "There is a Happy Land."

This first novel, written in the first person, tells of a few weeks in a small boy's life.

It is a most disturbing story, which conveys mounting horror through its matter-of-fact telling.

The boy and his playmates are normal youngsters, who play and talk as children do, who feud, and tease, and laugh.

They cannot understand the

• In leaving behind childhood, a frontier is crossed; there is no return passport to that country with its own customs and language.

abnormality of an adult, known to them as "Uncle Mad."

In their eyes, "Uncle Mad" is not a sinister figure but one to be mocked. They ignore parents' warnings to keep away from him, to refuse gifts of sweets, to stay clear of the broken-down shack where the creature lives.

He is always hanging round them, and they about him, riding by on their bicycles, darting into his dusty rooms,

escaping, and returning home to deceive their parents as to what they have been up to.

The boy, the little girl Marion, and the others know that nothing will ever happen to them. But the reader does.

For the reader becomes both child and adult, realising the tragedy ahead while being powerless to prevent it.

Time is running out for one of these grubby urchins, and silence is going to end

ROSS CAMPBELL, whose column appears here each week, is on holidays.

those games, or those high points of excitement in the book, the pantomime and the fair.

Mr. Waterhouse, at 28, has achieved brilliance with a story which may shock some but which will renew warnings for others in the guardianship of their children.

Copy from the publishers Michael Joseph.

WRITTEN ON WATER

Second instalment of our new serial

By VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY THEO BATTEN

WHEN TRACEY COWLES, beautiful, spoilt millionaire's daughter, comes ashore from her yacht, the *Orca*, in the Mexican port Mazatlan with her husband, PRINCE BARANY, a Hungarian nobleman, and BOB THUMBORN (Thumbs), the yacht's engineer, she is seeking excitement. In a waterfront cafe she is immediately attracted by GLENN HAMMERS, handsome down-and-out son of a well-known San Francisco naval family, but he has no eyes for her as he is intently watching VIDA PACHUELA, the half-Spanish, half-Indian girl, dance.

Glenn tells his old friend Thumbs he has great hopes of starting a shark-fishing enterprise, but he needs financial backing.

Later a brawl develops over Vida, and Glenn is wounded with a knife. Tracey takes him on board, but the next morning he declines her invitation to sail with her and goes ashore. He becomes ill and is nursed devotedly by Vida.

By the time Tracey returns to Mazatlan, Glenn has interested an American company in taking the output of his shark-fishing, but he still needs money to begin the business. Tracey persuades him to take command of a handsome yacht she intends to buy. Vida realises Tracey has finally succeeded in taking Glenn away from her. NOW READ ON:

AND so it happened that Captain Glenn Hammers went off with Tracey to look at the *Arundel*. She bought him, or he sold himself to her. Thumbs wondered. For the five thousand bucks he needed. Considering what she got for her money and what that voyage cost him, it turned out a poor bargain for him.

But those five thousand had become an obsession with him since he had that letter of agreement from the Chempax people in his pocket. True, there was some prospect for building up something, and without a little capital he was a man paralysed. Most probably he could have borrowed the money from his brothers, but he would have let himself be burned alive rather than ask them for help.

That was easy to understand, because whatever he did had just one single aim: To show them. Prove to them how far he could go all by himself. Show them that a man could live his own life, without any help, without the conventions and regulations of his caste. Prove that he was the sort of man to do it and,

what's more, make a success of it. A born and sworn nonconformist, that's what he is, Thumbs reflected. He insists on being himself, that's where all his troubles came from, because we live in an age that wants everybody to be like everybody else.

Thumbs didn't know what gave Glenn the idea that he could dig up those blasted five thousand for him. 'Why, with all the rich people you take out deep-sea fishing it ought to be a cinch to find some rich party who would like to invest a few bucks in a good thing,' Glenn said in all innocence. But the only rich party Thumbs happened to know was Tracey.

She hadn't seen Glenn again after that one visit. She was waiting with the same glowing

To page 39

There was a crazy look on Tracey's face as she stood there, gun in hand, while Glenn shook her and said, "Pull yourself together, do you hear me?"

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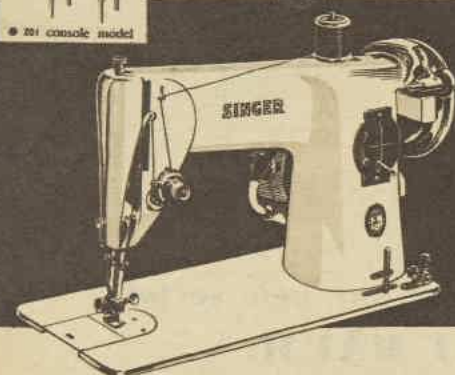
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The Princess and the Peacocks

IT was usual for them to eat their evening meal together. That was when Mark was not dining out or attending some function at the Embassy. Mrs. Sequera would bring food in, rice and fish cooked in the rich, tasty, Portuguese way, and Mark would open a bottle of wine and fill Ellen's glass with his air of performing a small, unobtrusive ceremony. Then he would sit at the head of the table and make polite conversation.

Sometimes Ellen played a game. After dinner, she thought, she would cross-examine Mark on what they had talked about. She would say, "What was it Lindy and I did today?" and when he floundered, looking at her with apologetic eyes, she would say coolly, "But I told you in detail during dinner. You know, you never listen."

Or she would say, "What did I wear at lunch today?" or "What color was Lindy's hair-ribbon?"

But that last was too personal. One could not expect even the most devoted man to remember what one had worn even a couple of hours ago. And Mark could not be called devoted...

Tonight Ellen did not intend to play the game of make-believe. She intended to be more direct.

She waited until Mrs. Sequera, fat, brown, and smiling, had waddled out and Mark had performed the polite ceremony of the wine. Then she said quite calmly, as if she were talking of some expedition she and Lindy had planned, "Mark, I've decided to go back to England."

She had his startled attention then. "You're leaving us?"

"I didn't promise to come forever, did I?"

"No, of course not. One wouldn't have expected it. It was very good of you to come at all." He looked bewildered, his eyes full of that sincerity that so delighted and enraged her. "I thought you liked being here, Ellen."

"So I did, Mark. I really did."

"And you've done some good painting here."

Ellen had to admit that, too. The clear light, the sun-drenched hills, the ochre-and-white houses, and the blue bay had delighted her. She had never enjoyed painting so much.

She was going to miss more than she cared to think hers and Lindy's explorations into the older parts of the city, up the steep, cobbled streets that led into tiny squares with acacia trees and a communal pump where the shawled women went for water, or where one rounded a corner to have the sun-faded city and the blue harbor stretch before one's eyes in a sudden breath-taking panorama.

"Yes, I have enjoyed painting in Lisbon. But an artist must always look for fresh backgrounds."

"I suppose so." He reflected, his eyes on her with awareness at last, but awareness only of the blank she would leave in his smoothly run house, not of herself as a woman, certainly not as a woman in love with him.

"Lindy's going to miss you," he said.

"Yes, I know. I'm just devastated about that."

Mark put out his hand in a sudden, impulsive gesture.

"Couldn't you stay a little longer, until the end of the summer, anyway?" Then his good manners asserted themselves. "No, it isn't fair to ask you that if you must

look for new backgrounds and really want to go."

Ellen thought of all the replies she would like to make. But which would break down the barrier of his politeness? "I don't want to go at all, Mark, but I can't endure staying here while you never really look at me or pay attention to what I say... I don't want to go, but perhaps when I've gone you'll realise you are even more lonely and ask me to come back..."

Or she could say, "If I stay here, Mark, I'll for-



For so long he had dreamt of the past, never seeking the joy each new day could offer

A romantic short story by DOROTHY EDEN

get my good manners and tell you you've got to stop being so selfish. Because that's what you are, outwardly courteous and charming, but inwardly concerned only with yourself and the way Celia's death left you alone . . . You don't need to be forever alone, Mark. The world is around you full of people who wait to be noticed, appreciated, loved, hated, anything rather than ignored . . ."

All those thoughts jostled for expression, but all Ellen said was, "I really want to go, Mark. Though there's one thing I must ask you, and that is that you give Lindy more of your time and your affection."

For the second time she had startled him. "But she has all my affection."

"Then she doesn't know it. When I came here she was a very solitary little girl occupied far too much in day-dreaming. She was living in a world of fantasy."

"The last governess was not very satisfactory," Mark said unhappily.

"I know. Your mother told me, and that's why I came over. But, Mark! You mustn't leave it all to the governess."

"You think Lindy would be better at school in England?"

Ellen realised what it cost him to say that, and she replied quickly, "Later. Not yet. She's only six. But she must be loved, Mark. Shall I say, more obtrusively?"

The vertical line down his brow pained her almost physically. It wasn't right that he should look so serious and so old. He was only thirty-three. He had a brilliant career ahead of him. Everyone said so. He was much to be envied, for although he had lost a dearly loved wife at the birth of his daughter six years ago there were many compensations for him.

But what people did not know was that, like his daughter, Mark possessed the habit of escaping from reality. Ellen had thought that someone who loved him would have the ability to bring him back. But it seemed that that was not so.

And she could not stand it. She sprang up from the dinner-table and said lightly: "Let me show you what I painted today. Lindy and I went up to the gardens of San Jorge. It was a perfect day. There were little girls in white pinafores, and white doves, and peacocks, and the smell of honeysuckle."

She went into the next room and came back with the canvas.

"It was so impossible to capture it all," she said. "The sunlight and the colors in the peacock's tail—"

"Who is this?" Mark was pointing to the figure of a woman in a yellow dress sitting on a low bench with doves flirting at her feet.

Ellen had very lightly sketched the woman's gracefulness and breeding and her air of looking over the sunlit city into some world beyond.

"Oh, that's the princess."

"The princess?"

"Lindy says she's one. She talks to her."

"Lindy makes things up. You know that."

"Indeed I know that. But this woman has something about her, you must agree."

With a slightly wry amusement Ellen watched Mark studying the canvas as if trying to see more clearly the features of the woman in the yellow dress.

"You should have painted her in more detail," he said, and briefly there was that tantalising glimpse of the life there could be

in his face for the woman who could arouse him.

"The picture isn't finished yet. I'll attend to that later."

Mark looked at her suddenly.

"Ellen, you're not leaving us too soon?"

"I thought at the end of the week. Lindy will be all right with Mrs. Sequera until someone else comes over." She kept her voice carefully impersonal. "I'll choose someone myself for you if you like."

"Would you do that? I'd be so grateful. And, Ellen. I promise I'll spend more time with Lindy. I adore her, you know."

"I know, Mark. I know you do."

Lindy was almost asleep when her father came in. She stirred in drowsy pleasure, but pointed out punctiliously that she had already said goodnight.

"I've come to say it again," Mark said satisfactorily, and sat on the edge of the bed.

Rather timidly, because much as she loved

him she was a little in awe of him, Lindy touched his hand.

"Tell me a story, Daddy."

"No. You tell me one."

Lindy giggled.

"I can't tell stories, really."

"What about the princess?"

"The princess and the peacocks?" Lindy said eagerly.

"In the gardens of San Jorge."

"But she isn't in a story, Daddy. She's real."

"How do you know?"

"Because she told me. I said, 'Are you a princess?' and she said, 'Yes.'"

"Why did you ask her?"

"Because she looked like one," Lindy answered simply.

"And who did she say she was?"

"The Princess Anna Maria. She lives in the Avenida San Jose, and goes to the gardens every day to feed the peacocks and the doves."

"What does she look like?"

A restrained eagerness and tension in her father's voice made Lindy look at him with interest. Dimly she sensed that her answer was important.

"Oh, she's so beautiful, Daddy," she said reverently. "She has blue eyes that shine and pink cheeks and red lips."

"That could be any princess," Mark said lightly.

"Her hair isn't golden," Lindy said a little regretfully. "It's a sort of light brown, but it's curly and if she let it down it would hang all over her shoulders. And she has a long neck like a swan . . ."

"You've been reading too many fairy

To page 37

As Mark looked at the picture, Ellen said, "It was almost impossible to catch it all—the sunlight and the color—but of course it isn't finished yet."



ROTHMANS KING SIZE FILTER

Doubly smooth . . . filter tip *plus the extra length*



The finest tobacco money can buy
plus Rothmans finer filter

So easy to change to . . . from ordinary cigarettes

THE GIFT

By LOUISE ROEDECKER

I FELT numb looking at the huge parcel wrapped in shining paper and tied with a green satin bow. I had re-read the card: To Nancy—with all my love, Jim.

How could he, was all I could think. He knew what I wanted for my birthday.

My mother came into the living-room and smiled when she saw me.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Jim brought that over while you were out. Just think, by the time of your next birthday you two will be in your own home and . . ."

"How could he give me this?" I interrupted, speaking aloud my thoughts.

Mother looked surprised. "Why, you don't even know what it is, yet," she said reasonably.

"I know what it isn't!" I cried. "All my life I've wanted a watch. Jim knows that. How could he do this to me?"

Mother was silent. Then I saw that she was smiling. "Well," she said, "ask him to take it back. Tell him exactly what you wanted for your birthday this year."

I stared at her. "I couldn't do that."

"I'm sure if you just explained . . ." Her smile was peculiar, tender, amused.

"The kitchen cabinet," I said suddenly, and all at once I began to smile, too.

I was remembering that summer seven years before when I was fourteen, when I learned my most important lesson about men and women and love.

It was something like learning that one half is bigger than a third, even though three is greater than two.

It had begun one afternoon in our backyard. Mother and I were sitting on a chicken coop.

As we sat there, I knew she wasn't seeing the little soft, yellow chicks or hearing the clucks of the mother hens penned away from them. She had a faraway look in her eyes and her face was relaxed and dreamy.

This autumn, if all went well, she would be able to do what she had wanted to do for years.

"Look, Nancy," she said suddenly, "I believe that one is getting wing feathers already."

I looked and sure enough one of the little chicks had a few hard dark streaks against the softer yellow.

The wing feathers meant one thing—they hastened the day when this little chick would be big enough to sell.

Then the money could be added to the rest my mother had saved and she would then be able to order from the catalogue the kitchen fittings she wanted: the sectional cupboards, two on either side of a sink with a wide draining-board, the whole of shining white enamel.

More than anything in the world

my mother longed to have a modern kitchen.

When she had married she had had to content herself with the cast-off equipment from her mother and relatives, old pieces which she hated. Later, every penny made on the farm had been used for other improvements and machinery and there never seemed to be any over for mother to spend on her dream kitchen.

But she had a good arrangement with father now, though. He supplied the setting hens, the eggs, the feed, and she sold the chicks when they were grown up and kept the money.

"Is that a car?" my mother asked me, looking towards the road.

We waited and my father drove into the yard. Behind him there was a big truck, and it followed our old car into the drive.

"What in the world?" my mother said. "I hope your father didn't buy anything at that auction sale."

She got up and walked across the yard. My father jumped down and came to meet her.

He was a tall man, with broad shoulders, and his face was usually serious. But now he was grinning.

"Wait until you see what I've got for you in the truck," he said to my mother, his eyes shining. "It's just what you've always wanted!"

My mother said nothing, but followed him to the truck. The man driving it got down and he and my father stood back, grinning at mother.

"Go on, look at it," my father said. "It's a cabinet. A kitchen cabinet. Wait until you see it. They don't make them like this any more."

He rapped it with his knuckles. "Hear that? Solid wood! It'll last a lifetime."

"It already has," I muttered.

This was Mrs. Appleby's kitchen cabinet. She and her husband were selling out and moving. She'd got that cabinet when she'd married—which must have been at least fifty years before.

I didn't dare look at my mother. But my father was so excited that he didn't notice anything. He jumped up into the truck, just managing to squeeze in between the cabinet and the side.

"Come on," he said to my mother. "Look it over." He reached down, placed his hands under her arms and lifted her up.

I had a brief glimpse of her face then and the tears came to my eyes. She looked as if someone she loved had hit her.

There must have been about a hundred drawers in that cabinet and I'm sure my father showed her every one, running his hands over each one lovingly, talking about all the space she would save, saying he'd just have to plane this one down a little and then it wouldn't stick.

My mother said one thing: "Are you sure, Alan, that you wouldn't like to have this in your machine



"How could he give me this!" I said angrily as Mother came in. "But you don't know what it is yet," she said.

shed? You'd always be able to find your nuts and bolts and things then."

But my father only laughed as if he thought the remark was a huge joke.

And as they were setting it up in the kitchen I saw my mother look towards the window about which she had planned her perfect kitchen with the lovely white cupboards and sink and the blue curtains with the white embroidery.

My father stood admiring the cabinet after it was set up. Then he went out with the truck driver and I knew he was going out to the fields to work.

My mother stood silently, looking at the cabinet.

It was huge and with an immense base upon which was set a narrower cabinet and the millions of drawers of all sizes I have already mentioned. It was ugly and stained a dark brown.

"Tell him you don't want it," I said fiercely. "How would he like it if you chose a—mower for him?"

My mother silently shook her head. She was holding her lips closely together and there was a bright spot of color in each cheek. Her eyes were very bright.

"You don't have to keep it!" I cried. "Tell him about —"

But I couldn't mention the lovely white cupboards. Seeing her face I said truculently:

"It would be more honest to tell him the truth."

She gave me a look that stopped me. "Don't you ever say a word to him against this—this monstrosity," she said. "Don't you dare. If you do I swear I'll whip you."

She left the room quickly. I listened to her footsteps and knew she had gone to her bedroom to cry.

I shouldn't have followed her, but I couldn't help it. She was lying

across her bed, crying in a way I didn't know then that people could cry, with despairing anguish as if she were remembering every disappointment and betrayal she had ever known.

I sat down on the bed and after a while I put my hand timidly on her shoulder. She reached up and took it and held it.

"Oh, Nancy," she said. "I wanted it so — my pretty kitchen. Oh, Nancy . . ."

I held her hand and cried with her. We had been going to have so much fun doing up that old kitchen.

At last I said something that had been bothering me. "Didn't he know? We've talked about it so much. How could he?"

She sat up then and she looked more tired than I'd ever seen her.

"No, he only knew I wanted a cabinet," she said slowly. "He probably heard me talk about space to put things."

I said, because I was still determined not to give up, because it still seemed simple to me to tell him how we felt and get the new cabinets anyway:

"But if we just explained —"

I was amazed to see my mother begin to smile, a mysterious kind of smile that I couldn't understand, a loving and kindly one.

"But, Nancy, he did it for me. Can't you just see him? The cabinet coming up at the sale—he goes to look at it, he loves it, he thinks I'll love it. He remembers how I've always wanted a cabinet."

"Just the same," I said, and the truculence was half in defence, because I couldn't understand the smile, "when I'm married . . ."

"You'll do the same," the expression on her face made me feel about four years old—"if you love him."

I didn't believe her. I still thought it was silly that we couldn't tell my father the truth.

Later I watched her at dinner-time with awe and confusion. My father could certainly never have any doubts that she liked that cabinet.

But she never forgot her true feelings about it. When he wasn't about she would kick it sometimes and mutter angry words.

I looked at my mother now and smiled. "One half is bigger than one third," I said. She looked puzzled.

But I knew what I meant. I had learned my lesson about men and women and love—and giving and taking.

"Jim will never know I really wanted a watch," I said. "I'll never mention the word 'watch' again. Perhaps I can save up some money for one myself."

"Oh, I wouldn't," my mother said. "You probably have a pretty good idea of the kind you want. You'll just be ready to buy it and—"

And we began to laugh like a pair of lunatics.

(Copyright)

Green Paradise

By JOHN STEINBECK



John Steinbeck

THERE must be a kind of apprehension in the sleepy little villages of Italy, Germany, England, or Ireland in the summer when the descendant of the native comes back to discover the seat of his culture. I suppose Ireland suffers more from this than any other land.

Every Irishman—and that means anyone with one drop of Irish blood—sooner or later makes pilgrimage to the home of his ancestors. There he crows and squeals over the wee cot or the houseen, pats mossy rocks, throws ecstasies over the quaint furniture, and finds it charming that the livestock lives with the family. He wouldn't live there if you gave him the place.

And the locals don't think they're quaint—they think they're perfectly normal. To them it's the American descendant whose speech sounds outlandish, particularly when he puts on a nostalgic brogue, which he invariably does. The natives must think such pilgrims are crazy.

I have just made such a pilgrimage. I am half Irish, the rest of my blood being watered down with German and Massachusetts English. But Irish blood doesn't water down very well—the strain must be very strong.

I guess we thought of Ireland as a green paradise—mother of heroes—where golden people sprang full-flowered from the sod. I don't remember my mother actually telling me these things, but she must have given such an impression of delight.

Kings and heroes only came from this Holy Island, and from the very top of the glittering pyramid was our family—the Hamiltons.

My grandfather, who had come from there carrying the sacred name, was really a great man—a man of sweet speech and sweet courtesy. He died when I was quite young, but it is remarkable how much I remember about him. His biddy, little bog-trotting wife, I am told, put out milk for the leprechauns in the hills behind King City, California, and when a groundling neighbor suggested the

cats drank it, she gave that neighbor a look that burnt off his nose.

Anyway, we grew up feeling singularly chosen and favored because of even our demi-Irishness. There was very little running back to Ireland for a look—there was none, in fact. My grandparents never went home to visit the family. I can recall only two relatives who did. One was a cousin of my mother's who was a Judge of the Supreme Court in California. He went back, I guess, mostly to impress the Irish relatives with the importance of the American branch. They must have cut him down to size, because he rarely spoke of his visit. But he spoke of them as well-to-do farmers.

Later, one of my uncles made the trip. He reported that he had wept out of pure sentiment the whole time. He also reported that the family was just about played out; there remained two sisters and a brother of the name—Katherine, Elizabeth, and Thomas—children of my grandfather's brother, all old and all unmarried. They lived in the "new house"—the old house burnt down several hundred years ago.

After that, we had an occasional letter from Elizabeth. She wrote a thin, elegant hand, and her English had an exquisite quality, reminiscent of the eighteenth-century writers of English prose. We felt good about that; we didn't really believe any dull or illiterate Irish existed—not in Ireland, at least. We knew plenty of that kind in this country, but perhaps we thought they had degenerated here.

I should have gone to visit long ago, but I didn't. During the war, I landed at various Irish airports and could have gone, but a reluctance kept me from it—some curious, powerful reluctance always came over me when I got close to the home place. Meanwhile, the letters had stopped and we heard nothing more. Last summer my wife and I finally went there.

It's green, all right—but so is Scotland green. It seemed to me a different green, but I wouldn't submit the two greens to a color test. We hired a car to cross from Belfast to Londonderry—an extravagance which outraged even the man who owned the car—a Rolls-Royce of sneering gentility, a little younger than Stonehenge and in little better condition.

Summer was full-blown in Ireland and the grain was bowing golden-headed, ready for the cutting, and then we crossed and came to Derry, and it's a dour, cold city to an outsider—dark, angular buildings and uncrowded streets, waiting for something—a city of protest against the rolling green of Derry and the lovely hills of Donegal across Lough Foyle.

There was no home feeling here in the bleak hotel that carried its own darkness with it. The girl behind the desk would not smile or pass a cordial word, no matter how much we tried to trap her. In the bar there was no gaiety. I don't know whether laughter was there before we went in for a drink or after we left—none was offered for us to share, and curtains of rules brushed against us.

A drink in our room? Not permitted. Two minutes late to the dining-room? Not permitted to serve after hours. A London paper, then? All taken.

A hush on the people like the hush on the city, and the feeling that eyes brushed over you and dropped when you looked up. We were strangers.

The porter—not the real porter, he hastened to tell us, the real porter was away—said he would get a man to drive us into the country the next day—a man who knew the countryside.

This not-the-real porter was nice to us. He was sorry he couldn't have some clothes pressed for us; it was after hours. He wanted to bring a drink to us. He looked sadly at the bribe in his hand. He would try, and in a while he came back—the liquor was locked up, the manager had the key, and the manager was gone. A sandwich? The pantry was locked up. I don't know who had that key. A copy of the London "Times" in the morning? They were all ordered and it was too late to order another one. He looked as though he wanted to return the bribe; he was a young, dark, sad-looking man. I found myself trying to explain to him.

"Does the young lady at the desk never smile?" I asked.

"Rarely," he said.

"Is no rule ever broken at all?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Look," I said, "my people came from hereabouts—they were law-abiding people, but there was a filament of illegality in them. My mother wasn't above putting too much catsup on her plate and sopping it up with a piece of bread in a restaurant."

"Catsup?" he asked.

I said, "One of my uncles had a major difficulty in college for stealing chickens. Another of my uncles had to be disarmed when he had murder in his heart, and I myself—" I stopped, because the not-the-real porter was looking at me helplessly, trying to make out my meaning. My voice was rising against a wall of frustration.

"What I am trying to say is this," I said. "Has all illegality gone out of this rebellious island in three generations?"

"Sir?" he asked.

"I mean, if I should give you in your hand more than enough—twice more than enough—to buy a bottle of whisky, a loaf of bread, and a sausage, couldn't you find some law-breaker to sell them to you?"

"The rules are very strict," he said, "I'm sorry. I wish I could help you." My heart broke for him. "I'm not the real porter," he said. "Good night, sir, I'm sorry."

We sat in the window, looking across the street at the angry stone buildings and the small locked-up shops. The street was deserted and a desolation came over us. I told my wife how brave and open my ancestors were, how lusty and full of courtesy and fine laughter. I lied about them some—I guess I had to—and the Sunday dark fell on that city which is sombre even on weekdays and in sunlight. Night, not even summer night could soften the lines and sweeten them.

Now my reluctance came on me tenfold and I wanted to give the whole thing up and go away quickly and forget it, because reality was violating every inherited memory, and I was saying to myself that if the old folks went away from here, maybe they had good reason. I put on a bathrobe and set off down the long, deserted, green-carpeted hall to the bathroom. From a room on the



Illustrated by
PHILLIPS

Her face wrinkled into a smile as I asked, "Could you steal an iron?"

corridor came an old woman carrying a broom and a long-handled dustpan. I said good evening to her and her face wrinkled up into a smile that lit the dark corners of that desolate corridor.

"Good evening, sir," she said.

I stopped in front of her, because this was a tone I had not heard. "I know before I ask that the irons are locked up," I said, "but can you steal an iron and take the creases out of a pair of trousers for me?"

"What room?" she asked, and then, "You'll have them."

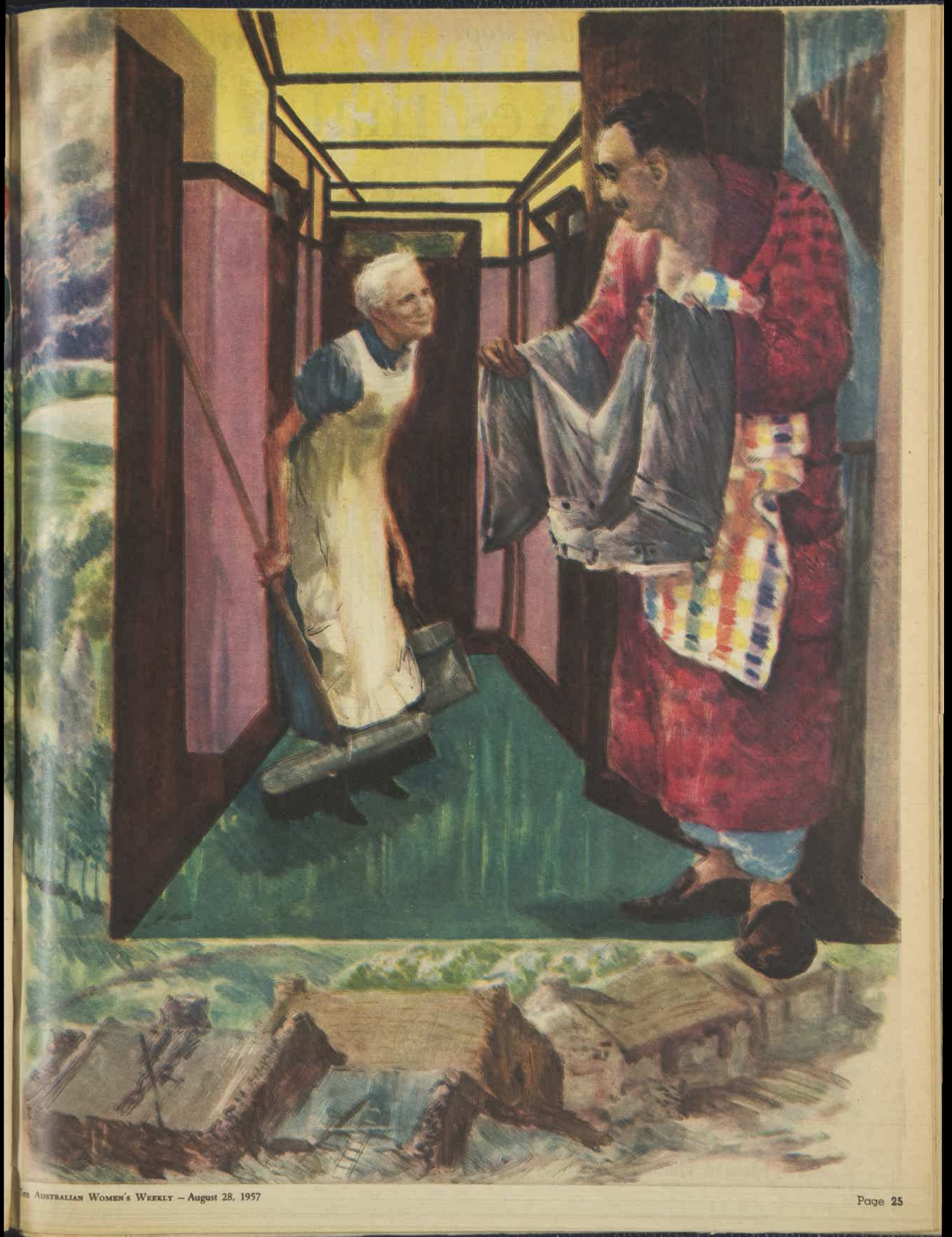
The iron front was broken. In an hour she had the trousers back, still steaming a little, and I tipped her until she begged for mercy. We slept better because of her.

In the morning, we had our driver all right—he who knew the countryside—a rakish man in a torn cap, who assured us that he knew every nubbing of a hill in all directions. He didn't, but he was willing. His car was so old that it churned and clattered, and a blue, suffocating smoke came from it.

We were looking for a place called Mulkeraugh. You can spell it in half-a-dozen different ways and it isn't on any map. I knew from half memory that it was near to Ballykelly, which is near to Limavady, and I knew that from Mulkeraugh you could look across the lough to the hills of Donegal.

We clattered along eighteen miles from Londonderry, past thatched cottages and little hedged fields where the black bundles of flax

To page 39



Now! In one swift beauty step!

Silky waves that last from shampoo to shampoo!



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NEW CREME

Rinse'n Set

NO DRYING ALCOHOL
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- Easy, fast to use.
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RICHARD HUDNUT new Creme RINSE'N SET is the only creme rinse that beauty-sets your hair. Just one swift beauty-step! You don't have to mix with water... you don't rinse it out. Just pour a few fragrant drops on your shampooed hair direct from the bottle, immediately after the final shampoo rinse, and comb through. It's almost like magic, the way RINSE'N SET smooths out snarls and tangles so the comb runs through like a flash. And your hair seems to want to curl... it literally pushes into soft waves and rolls into pincurls with no effort. Your wave is beautifully soft because, unlike hair sprays, RINSE'N SET contains no drying alcohol or lacquers. No more nightly pin-ups after RINSE'N SET. The setting holds and the hair stays soft and wonderfully manageable until your next shampoo.

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Two rabbits came out of Somerset

● First prize of £20 in this week's contest was won by Mr. S.H. Austin Embling P.O. (Box 7), Yea, Victoria.

HERE is his entry: Just over 50 years ago I was the only Australian student at the college in Wells, Somerset, England.

One day an old man spoke to me.

"I believe you are an Australian?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," he continued, "when I was a small boy I caught a pair of rabbits for a Mr. Austin, who lived at the Big House at Street, near Wells. He was going to Australia and wanted all sorts of birds and animals to take out there. He gave me a shilling for the rabbits."

I replied: "Mr. Austin? He was my grandfather."

I may add that Thomas Austin, of Barwon Park, Winchelsea, Victoria, was the first person to breed rabbits successfully in Australia.

Prizes of £5 were awarded for:

Lost and found

MY husband, a country stationmaster, was due to be transferred from a small town to a seaport, and it was decided that the children and I should go ahead to move into our new home.

The journey took three days' train travel and at the end of it we were tired out. We didn't know a soul in the place, and the only person I'd spoken to was a lady in the bus that took us to the house. We chatted about the weather, nothing else.

Next day the two older children went off to school and the baby said she was going to the gate to wave goodbye. She wandered outside, watched the traffic for a bit, then forgot which house she lived in.

She became scared and ran, crossing the railway line, making her way along the deserted beach, stopping at last outside a house screaming: "Mummie,

STRANGE but TRUE

I'm lost. Mummie, come and find me."

The woman living in the house was the one who had sat next to me on the bus. She remembered where we had got off and so was able to bring the child home.

Mrs. C. Emery, 7 Seaside St., Bassendean, W.A.

HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly, and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true, and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

En-girdled

ALONE in the house, I tried on a new rubber reducing girdle, following directions that said, "Roll over the head and shoulders and slide down over hips."

There I stood, the whole 250lb. of me, with that hideous girdle clinging to me like an octopus, imprisoning me completely. I tugged and pulled, but could not make a budge.

I thought I would have to cut off the girdle, but it was expensive, so I thought again.

The fire department? The police? Oh no! Finally I phoned the emergency house-keeping service, who sent a woman to release me.

"It certainly was an emergency," she said, as, with vigorous tug, she set me free.

Mrs. Olive Mariuk, 47 Hely St., Cairns, Qld.



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for men and boys

just in time for Father's Day!

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Every B.V.D. garment must satisfy completely . . .

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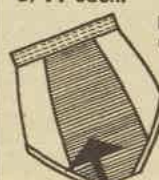
Here it is! **B.V.D.**! The best-known underwear in the world is now available in Australia! B.V.D. underwear is unconditionally guaranteed.

You can be assured of perfect fit, perfect comfort and perfect wear every time.

Go to your nearest men's wear store, inspect the range of B.V.D. underwear and you'll understand why men and boys in 63 countries throughout the world say "Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best."

B.V.D. KNIT BREVS

B.V.D. Brevs are Rib Knit from combed quality cotton. Men's, 9/11 each; Boys', 6/11 each.



HEAT-RESISTANT ELASTIC—Guaranteed for life of garment.

LABRO SHRUNK—For guaranteed permanent fit.

DOUBLE-THICKNESS SEAT—Two-way-stretch panel insert automatically conforms to body movement.

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Have never-stretch collars—made with "Bodyline Construction" for permanent fit. Men's, 11/6 each; Boys', 9/- each.

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Are sanforized and nylon stitched at points of strain—elastic lasts for life of garment. Men's from 12/6.

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Fit guaranteed. Men's, 8/11 each; Boys', 5/11 each.

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"Next to myself

B.V.D.'s please...and here's why

B.V.D. guarantees the fit of every one of its garments! B.V.D. Underwear is absolutely and unconditionally guaranteed!

B.V.D. is made with "Bodyline Construction" for Scientific Fit! B.V.D. Knit Underwear is Labro-Shrunk for Guaranteed Permanent Fit!

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I like 'B.V.D.' best"



3 in 1

B.V.D. Underwear is packed—3 garments in the one package—for your convenience!

"While you've one in the wash, you've one to wear and still you have another spare!"

THERE is much speculation in London as to whether the Queen Mother will drive her own car during her tour of Australia next year.

She does not drive publicly in England.

But in recent weeks she has received further driving lessons in the grounds of her own Castle of Mey, in Scotland.

Personal friends have been fascinated to see the Queen Mother speed round corners in a dashing black Jaguar.

If she does try her skill on Australian roads, it will probably be in the country.

The Queen Mother is never happier than when she is relaxed, away from crowds, in the open air.

The sight of her behind the wheel will contrast startlingly with the view Australians had during her previous visit.

Then, just 30 years ago, as the Duchess of York, she travelled with her husband to open the first Parliament in Canberra.

Many Australians who saw her then will remember the charming impression she made waving gaily to the crowds during the formality of official appearances.

They will find that the years have made no difference — there is the same smile and the same charm.

TOPICAL note comes from Melbourne, where there is a "sneeze and freeze bar" in a chain-store window, stacked with hot-water bags, throat lozenges, tablets, powders, tissues, and all the other paraphernalia of the dog's disease.

Worth Reporting

Tiny oaks from little acorns grow

AN interesting story of miniature trees came this week from New Zealand reader Mr. C. R. McLean, of Lyttelton, following our article on miniature trees (The Australian Women's Weekly, May 29, 1957).

Mr. McLean wrote: "Around 1909, when I was seafaring between Sydney and San Francisco, we had a Japanese passenger who broke his ankle.

"I helped set it, and I made a pair of crutches for him.

"He was extremely grateful, and he invited me to visit him in San Francisco.

"His shop was a museum of Oriental treasures, but what interested me most was a collection of miniature trees—some more than 100 years old with trunks up to three inches in diameter, and only nine to 12 inches high.

"He told us that certain classes of Japanese planted a tree on the birth of a son, and this was kept in the family as an object of worship for generations."

Mr. McLean's Japanese friend explained the method of potting the trees, but Mr. McLean's career prevented him from beginning the hobby. However, he passed on the knowledge to his family.

"Several members of my family now have trees of various ages, the best being a



heavy oak 44 years old growing in a seven-inch pot," he wrote. "It is 11 inches high.

"Other trees of various species and histories are aged from 10 to 20 years. One family has five oaks, each one planted to celebrate the birth of children."

Dutch uncles take the air

THE oldest group of passengers carried by KLM airlines recently crossed the Atlantic from Holland to New York on their way to Canada.

Youngest member of the party was 64, and the oldest 84, the average age being 72.

They were all Dutch farmers and their wives going to spend a month in Canada with their children and other relatives who have emigrated.

Sue sews bows on her toes

A PRETTY gimmick for focusing attention on her shoes is used by Mrs. Sue Campbell, director of a dancing school.

Mrs. Campbell, who demonstrates dancing on television, attaches a small flower or bow to her shoe to draw viewers' eyes to her feet.

"I try to wear different shoes each night," Mrs. Campbell said.

"I love shoes, and am always buying new pairs. Often, I paint them, or think of some little decoration to make them more interesting.

"I think it helps television audiences to concentrate on the step if eyes are drawn to the feet."

Watch her pocket the ashtray!

THE wife of the U.S. Assistant Air Attache in Melbourne, Mrs. L. F. Donnelly, carries an ashtray in her handbag.

It's the shape of a warming-pan, patterned in flowers.

Mrs. Donnelly flips up the lid, flicks in her ash, snaps it shut, and puts it in her handbag to be emptied in the first conventional ashtray she finds.

"I got it at a Christmas 'grab-bag' party in Washington, D.C.," she said.

"Grab-bag' parties? Guests bring gifts valued under a set price, put them in a bag, where they are mixed, and the guests help themselves."

Pet tarantula was a gift

TARANTULAS make fine house pets, according to Miss Lillian A. Ross, an associate of the Chicago Natural History museum. She's had one for eight years.

"She is called Hortense, and was given to me by the Lincoln Park Zoo," Miss Ross said.

"Hortense will sit placidly in my hand, occasionally moving a leg to adjust herself more comfortably.

"She likes cockroaches for dinner, although she won't turn up her nose at chopped beefsteak or a worm."

Wanted: new designs in fabrics

A LEADING firm of Australian furniture-fabric manufacturers believes that local artistic talent is as good as anywhere overseas — and it aims to prove it.

The firm is sponsoring Australia's first nation-wide furniture-fabric design competition with prizes of more than £700.

One of the competition organisers told us that emphasis would be placed on youth, encouraging art students to begin a project that could result in a successful career.

But the main aim was to produce some exciting fabrics, and to create interest among Australian professional and amateur artists in a new field.

The competition will be held annually.

This year, it has three sections:

Professional section, open to members of any design, art, or architectural society or institute. Prize, 250 guineas.

Open section, for everyone not included in the professional section, including students. Prize, 150 guineas.

Junior section, for students and others who are under 16 on September 30, 1957. Prize, 100 guineas.

A special prize of 200 guineas will be awarded for the best design in the competition, which closes on September 20.

LATEST fashion for children and a novel aid for mothers trying to teach them to count are woollen gloves embroidered with numbers 1 to 10 in different colors on each fingertip.

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● Polka dots have staged a comeback in spring fashions and they highlight the two-piece jumper suit I have chosen to answer a teenage reader's query about a style for a spring outfit in navy and white.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I'm a regular reader of your fashion page. Would you suggest for me a style for a spring outfit? Also, do you think navy and white a suitable color combination for a teenage girl?"

Navy and white in polka-dotted silk or cotton would be an excellent material

choice. For the design, I suggest the two-piece jumper suit—that new-again teenage favorite. The design is illustrated at right. The jumper top features a set-away collar line, short sleeves, and a white accent. The skirt is bouffant and could be worn with other "tops." A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. With the picture are further details and how to order.

"WHAT color and material would be new and smart for shoes to wear with a late afternoon frock of honey-beige chiffon?"

Strawberry-velvet, turquoise-blue kid, or shoes in flower-printed silk would all be pretty ideas to accent a blond chiffon late-day dress.

"I HAVE sufficient floral chiffon for a ballerina dress and would like an idea for an unusual way to make it up. I am 19 and like sophisticated fashions."

I suggest a dress with a harem skirt and a shaped strapless bodice top; the latter made entirely of very fine pleats. Have the dress finished with a cummerbund sash in self material. The cummerbund will be best if it is tucked, and backed with dress canvas.

"DO you think black and white suitable for a party dress for a young teenager?"

It depends on the design and material choice. The following materials and design are very suitable: camisole top of finely tucked linen worn with a bouffant skirt of white organdie, belted at the waist in bright red patent leather.

"MY problem is a suit design for early spring. I want the design smart, yet simple, and also a suggestion for a blouse, hat, and suitable costume jewellery. I have the material—a fine navy-blue wool."

You couldn't have anything smarter or newer for spring than a Chanel-type suit. These suits have straight but easy skirts and open, beltless cardigan-type jackets. Wear the suit with a casually brimmed red felt hat, its crown bound in navy, and a white silk shirt-blouse. The blouse will look very chic if it is finished with double cuffs linked with gold. With a Chanel suit, ropes of fake pearls or colored beads are the correct costume jewellery.

"I HAVE some wool and mohair mixture in a soft parma violet color and would like a style for this material. I want a two-piece, but not a tailored suit. My size is SSW."

I suggest a two-piece jumper suit. Have the top buttoned at the back, hipbone-length, and finished with a collar cut well away from the throat line. Have the skirt slender with a fan of pleats placed low at the centre back.

DS260. — Two-piece jumper suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Beauty in brief:

THE TRANSLUCENT LOOK

By Carolyn Earle

● The "translucent" look for make-up is one of the latest news items from overseas.

FOR its effect, the look relies on careful application of liquid foundation and face powder.

To achieve it, pour some liquid foundation—about the size of a threepenny bit—on to the palm of one hand.

With a dampened sponge, take a little of the foundation at a time and cover your face and neck. (The sponge makes the foundation spread evenly.)

Then blot your face and neck gently with a tissue.

Apply plenty of face powder with a pad of cotton-wool, pressing it on well. Then, with the clean and re-dampened sponge, press lightly to set the powder.

Your "translucent" look should stay for hours.

Your hands need Trushay because...



1 TRUSHAY protects your hands—even in hot sudsy water and "hard" water. You can't avoid "water jobs" but you can avoid drying damage by using Trushay. Smooth it on "beforehand" (as well as after) and Trushay will protect your hands from soap 'n' detergent harshness.



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2 TRUSHAY keeps romance in your hands. Do your hands tell how useful you are, but never how lovely you are? It's so easy to hold romance in your hands when Trushay keeps them smooth, soft and velvety... lovely to look at and to touch.



JUST TWO DROPS WILL PROVE IT!

Pour two drops of Trushay on the back of one hand, smooth in with the back of the other. Massage gently with palms. Instantly your hands will feel luxuriously soft... will look velvety smooth.

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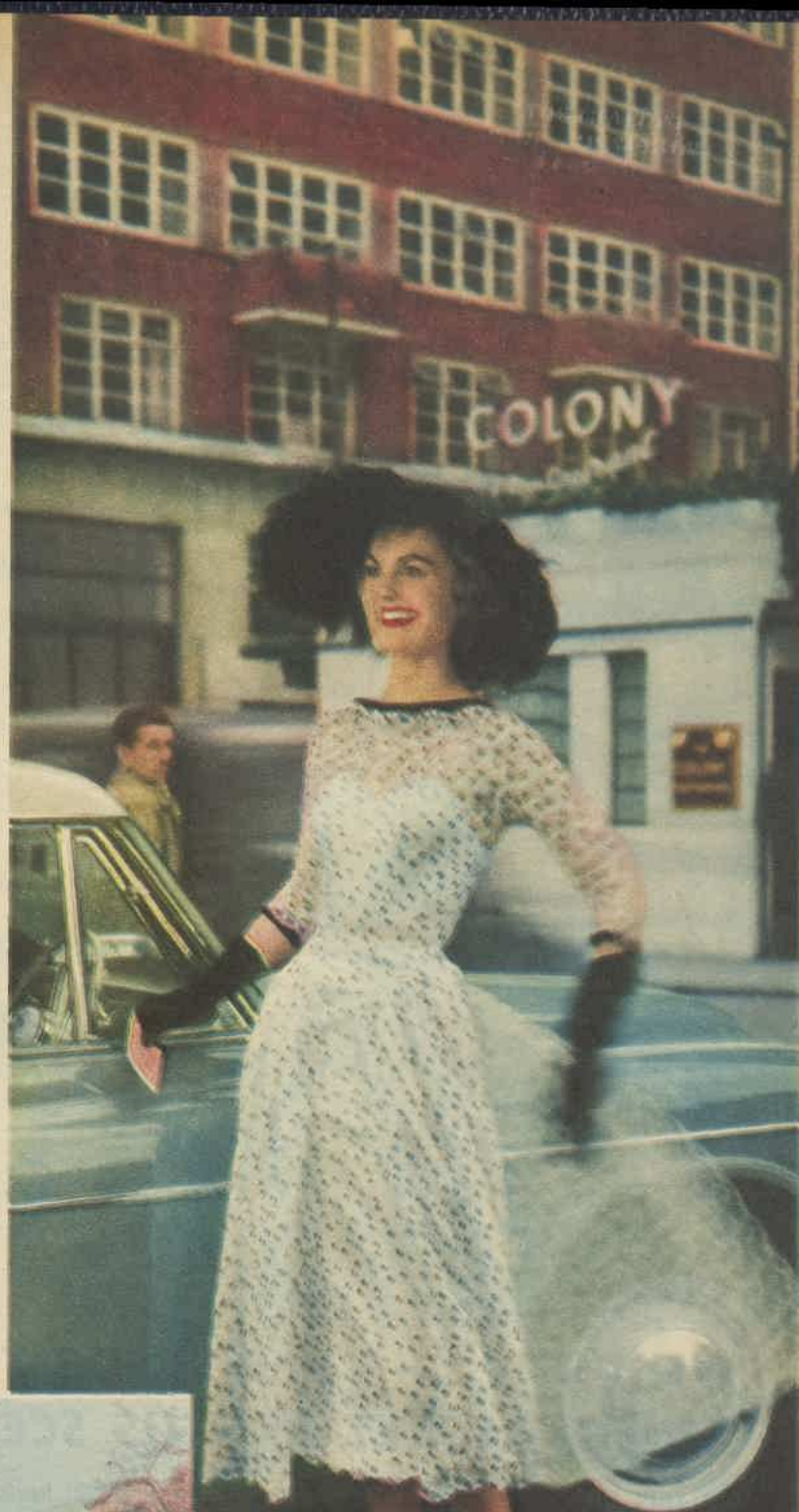


SPOTS ARE IN THE NEWS

Spots — confetti, pin, and coin, all Paris favorites — add an extra measure of smartness to the spring and summer silhouette. Side by side, and equally elegant, are the spotted city ensemble and a softer late-day dress. News, either way, is color on white or white on color. New again is the brilliance of black on white — bringing back the pretty coquetry of a beauty spot worn by an attractive woman.



• Elegance and chic are combined here in a superb city ensemble. The dress with its new easy fullness is worn with a matching straight, collarless coat.



• Spring suit-and-coat ensemble (above) designed by Michael of London. The slender suit is made in saxe-blue silk, coin-spotted in white. The casually cut and worn coat, in primrose-yellow wool, is collared and lined in the material of the suit.

• Blue silk one-piece dress printed with white coin-spots (right) has a shirtwaist bodice. In the skirt the fabric is pleated so that the spots are brought together to give the impression of narrow stripes. Dress by Raphael of Paris.



• Summer cocktail dress (above) designed by Norman Hartnell is made in white organdie sprinkled with black pin-spots. The bodice is puritanical, with its high, straight-across neckline bound in black velvet to match the velvet on the bracelet-length sleeves. Floating panels trim the slender skirt.

£2000 IN CASH PRIZES just to PUT RINSO IN THE KITCHEN



WHICH IS THE PLACE FOR THE RINSO PACKET IN THIS SCENE?

READ THIS FIRST. It contains clues to help you find the right spot for the packet of Rinso. Simply put a cross in the position you have chosen in the picture, and fill in the coupon.

At the Browns' house, it looks as though the whole family is lending a hand to get through the washing-up. To-night they are all off to the pictures, so Mum and Dad are looking to Rinso to get the dishes done extra quickly. Those richer, softer suds soon whizz through the dishes, and, in next to no time, Mrs. Brown's hands are out of the hot washing-up water. Like 7 out of

every 10 Australian housewives, Mrs. Brown keeps her cupboards well stocked with Rinso, so there is always plenty within easy reach. Along with the vegetables, fruit, meat, and other household items, she always puts two packets of Rinso on her weekly shopping list. She knows there's nothing like those richer, softer Rinso suds in the kitchen or in the laundry . . . and they keep her hands soft and pretty, too.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

1. Mark the picture with a cross in the position you have chosen for the Rinso packet.
2. Complete the sentence shown in the entry form. Remember, entries will be judged on neatness, originality and aptness of thought.
3. Send in as many entries as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by the opening flap marked "Press tab here" from a Mighty or Economy Size Rinso packet.* Should you wish to mark more than one position for the Rinso packet include a
4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. Contest closes Friday, 4th September, and entries must be received by midnight of this date. A complete list of prize-winners will be published in this magazine, issue dated 25th September.

*Rinso opening flaps are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such would contravene the law of that State.

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NORTH FREMANTLE: Box 100, P.O.



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On sale soon:

THE LIVING BUSH



• Red Flowering Gum (above), cover, showing honey parrots, and the kangaroo below are among the pictures in "The Living Bush."

• This week we announce publication of a book which Australians, old and new, will want to own. It is "The Living Bush," containing 184 color photographs of Australia's animals and birds and flowers.

UNIQUE in its field, it costs 7/6. If ordered with the coupon appearing on this page it will be sent post free to any address in the world.

Supplies may be obtained from your newsagent and at our office sales counters in the capital cities.

The popularity of our current feature "These are Australian" and the success of our two previous scenic annuals prompted us to produce the book.

Because we felt that only color could do justice to the subjects we have printed the book entirely in color.

Its 64 pages are of the best-quality glossy art paper and the reproduction is first-class.

In preparing the book we have been assisted by a noted naturalist, Dr. Allen Keast,



curator of Birds and Reptiles at the Australian Museum, Sydney.

Our aim was to present an attractive and colorful book—one that would appeal as a gift for friends in Australia and overseas—and to make it as comprehensive and accurate as possible so that it would be useful to teachers and children in their nature studies.

Did you know, for instance—Which explorer first saw a wallaby? How the Mallee Fowl maintains the temperature of its incubator nest? Why the tea-tree was given its common name? You'll find the answers in the book.

The pictures are accompanied by descriptive captions which include the scientific name as well as the common name.

This will make the book of special interest to New Australians who wish to send it to friends in Europe. Scientific names are international; a European who does not read English will be able to look up the name in reference books of his own language.

The pictures are the work of the leading nature photographers of Australia.

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Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

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ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

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IN THE BIG BATH SIZE...
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REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1'5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

 ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in tackling a tough job.</p>	<p>★ While stellar influences are sparking your affairs like an electric current you can accomplish anything on which you have set your heart. Go to work with a will.</p>	<p>★ You rise early, turning that house or flat topsy-turvy. You get sidetracked in cupboards and boxes and end up in a terrible mess. Take it easy—one job at a time.</p>	<p>★ Working towards a goal which concerns you both, there should be many hours of happy companionship. Present sacrifices for future gains feel light when shared.</p>	<p>★ You sparkle when working for a good cause. Some committees carry considerable social prestige with them and appointing to them is sought. Plunge in.</p>
 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in meeting a stranger.</p>	<p>★ You might feel like leaving your work in favor of something more interesting which could bring you into contact with a new set of people. Prospects are good.</p>	<p>★ Teenagers and friends find a record session fun. Those in the twenties are keen on bringing the boy-friend home to tea. Marrieds indulge in inexpensive hospitality.</p>	<p>★ If seeking romance, go where young and eligible members of the opposite sex may be found. If still fancy free you might be introduced to your future life partner.</p>	<p>★ This is bound to be a hectic chapter. You ride on a wave of invitations to important social affairs or possibly you are admitted to a charmed circle.</p>
 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck on the footpath.</p>	<p>★ If your occupation concerns communications, clerical work, or teaching there could be extraordinary new developments or business expansion.</p>	<p>★ Your sign hates to stay put, but must find home a useful setting for present activities. Busy with one of your grand schemes, you stick to it and win.</p>	<p>★ Sometimes it is more glamorous to sit before the living-room fire than go out. A chance to talk quietly, perhaps of the future, should not be missed.</p>	<p>★ This is unlikely to yield any big parties or receptions, but informal unplanned occasions may be plentiful. Older subjects may offer homes for meetings.</p>
 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a printed announcement.</p>	<p>★ Perhaps you are applying for some special job. Study carefully the impression you create. Will you appear quiet, poised, capable? Dress and manner count.</p>	<p>★ If you want to slam the door and hop off into town chasing bargains or learning what's new, take these color samples with you or you may make mistakes.</p>	<p>★ An invitation to a new district could help you to meet different types. A stranger has the attraction of the unknown. He might become the target of your thoughts.</p>	<p>★ Those of you who are members of a study group find your social interests revolve around it. Group expeditions, voluntary help with correspondence, may be factors.</p>
 LEO The Lion JULY 24 — AUGUST 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in driving a bargain.</p>	<p>★ Just because you have a friend at court you may get a hearing, but it will still be necessary to deliver the goods or your stay may be short.</p>	<p>★ When you concentrate on it you can be as practical as a dish mop. Facing a domestic problem that might daunt most people, you may solve it cleverly.</p>	<p>★ If saving for your trousseau, the honeymoon journey, or for that future home you won't mind a few little economies. Older marrieds may think of trips.</p>	<p>★ Since you are able to pick your diversions, settle what people are to be invited and how best to entertain, you should please yourself. Take the initiative.</p>
 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24 — SEPTEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in charting a new course.</p>	<p>★ Savings are important if you want to make a big splash later, but remember you can't spend that money twice. Don't let anything spoil your chances of a bargain.</p>	<p>★ Virgo taste in dress and home surroundings is usually excellent but inclined to be severe. A dash of imagination could accent your personality and surroundings.</p>	<p>★ Romance near at hand may be staring you in the face. If you're in love with your little heartbeats, tell her so. If he is your favorite date, think of him as a husband.</p>	<p>★ Do not subscribe to plans drawn up in secret, probably with the idea of excluding a certain person. Have nothing to do with any whispering campaign.</p>
 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in keeping a secret.</p>	<p>★ Voluntary workers don't get rich, but they have a reward in the often lifelong friendships which result from working for a common purpose.</p>	<p>★ If the outside world has been harsh your own four walls, where you are the boss, can be a great comfort, giving tense nerves a chance to relax.</p>	<p>★ Love is dawning. Just a faint streak of pink, but growing more dazzling. Have faith in yourself and in your love. Clouds do not endure.</p>	<p>★ This week you may meet dozens of people. The sociability will be purely on the surface and you perhaps have little in common with any of them.</p>
 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in taking a chance.</p>	<p>★ Compliments are liable to be heaped upon you because of your work, whether paid or honorary. Don't grow so wrapped up in it that you neglect home life.</p>	<p>★ Home at present may provide a place to sleep. You just aren't feeling domestic and what housework you do will be done grudgingly. It's a passing phase.</p>	<p>★ You can be very secretive. Outwardly you appear to be casual friends, but within you notice everything he does or says, what games he prefers.</p>	<p>★ A brisk social pace, with a semi-public occasion the high-water mark. If you belong to a club a ball is among the possibilities. You're eager to shine.</p>
 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 — DECEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, purple. Gambling colors, purple, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck through personal influence.</p>	<p>★ If you know how certain phases of an undertaking are being managed do not boast of having inside information or share your knowledge with associates.</p>	<p>★ If you own a house or property there may be lengthy discussions with the family or marriage partner over money. Benefits are probable.</p>	<p>★ A new friend is likely to have an impact on your interests so that you change your social activities almost violently. You take up a new pastime to be near him.</p>	<p>★ You're all for discarding the lighter side and may choose serious plays, concerts, or art exhibitions. Should you belong to a drama group you rehearse.</p>
 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24 — JANUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in crossing distance.</p>	<p>★ Some find it possible to add to the income by means of a sideline. If you can discover a public need, and find you can fill it, success follows.</p>	<p>★ Cause for celebration might be the last payment on a mortgage or the last instalment on a hire-purchase contract. You search for new gadgets.</p>	<p>★ House-parties are one way of getting to know the beloved better. Spring is the time to collect a crowd which, if it proves congenial, might go through summer.</p>	<p>★ You may lead the opposition, making a stand because you feel you are right. If overridden, at least you have put your opinion on record.</p>
 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in an early start.</p>	<p>★ It's desirable if those who follow a similar occupation could meet so that working methods and new ideas could be discussed. This applies to those in lonely jobs.</p>	<p>★ Summer's fun in planning next summer's holiday, a vacation trip for the children, or just a family expedition during the weekend. Otherwise an important visitor.</p>	<p>★ Engaged couples have wedding bells chiming for them, while young marrieds may be thrilled by an addition to the family. Social life speeds up for most.</p>	<p>★ Mildly romantic adventures, dancing, party-going, theatre-going, and dining out are well aspected. Popularity quotient high for you in the social whirl.</p>
 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a partnership.</p>	<p>★ Don't worry if you are over-worked or carrying too much responsibility. You are gaining experience which will fit you for a wider field.</p>			



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SERVICE

Continuing . . .

The Princess and the Peacocks

from page 21

series," said Mark. "What does she talk about?"

"Oh, about the peacocks, and where the storks build their nests and the games she used to play when she was a little girl. Sometimes she says she's lonely. Daddy, aren't you listening?"

Mark's far-off gaze came back.

"Indeed I am. But now you must go to sleep." He stooped to kiss the round, warm cheek. "You're like your mother, Lindy. Goodnight, my darling."

Lindy watched him go. He had never before told her she was like her mother. Somehow this was strangely significant; she didn't know why. She wished that he, too, didn't look lonely, like the princess.

Oh, the princess! Lindy clapped her hands to her lips. Would it matter that she had told lies? She didn't know why she had . . . And was asleep.

Mark hadn't realised that there was actually a young and beautiful princess living in Lisbon. That was, if Lindy and Ellen were telling the truth. Ellen, at least, would not deceive him, and there was the slim, yellow-clad girl with the long neck like a swan in Ellen's picture to prove her existence.

Even if she were not a princess, there was this graceful girl with the far-off gaze. Why hadn't Ellen painted her features more clearly? Why was it that the pictured girl stirred his imagination so that now he longed to see her?

She was lonely, Lindy had said. He was lonely, too. It seemed, suddenly, as if he had just become aware of that fact.

But, to be serious about the matter, if there was a genuine princess living in Lisbon she should certainly be invited to Embassy functions. He must make inquiries. There was a cocktail party on Thursday. She could be asked to that. He would get his secretary to check.

The next morning Miss Morris came to his room and reported that there was a Princess Anna Maria Boldiani living in the Avenida San Jose just as Lindy had said. She was some distant connection of the Portuguese Royal Family, and lived quietly without any publicity.

Mark gave instructions for an invitation to the party to be sent to her, and then found himself plunged into so restless a state that it was almost impossible to work. Would she come? Would she be as beautiful as Lindy had said? A child was not always reliable, but there was still the evidence of Ellen's painting.

He began to take an embarrassing interest in the progress of the painting, and when, that evening, Ellen reported that she and Lindy had gone to the

Estoril that day to swim, instead of painting in the gardens of San Jorge, he was so absurdly disappointed that he fell into a silence that lasted throughout the whole of their evening meal.

He had almost forgotten that Ellen was planning to leave in a few days. He would miss her. She made his house run smoothly, and Lindy adored her. But, for some extraordinary reason, as if he had awoken from a long sleep, he was obsessed with the thought of the princess and her blue gaze on him.

What had stirred him awake at last, after his long, self-induced sleep since Celia's death?

It was as if, his absurd fancy told him, there had been a light touch on his arm, a laughing voice in his ear . . .

The Princess Anna Maria answered the invitation promptly. She regretted that she would be unable to attend the party at the Embassy. She did not go to any public functions at all.

"What's the matter, Mark?" Ellen asked that evening. "You've scarcely eaten anything. You haven't caught Lindy's wog?"

Lindy had been ill at the weekend. Mark, with a slight, wry smile, admitted that he probably had caught Lindy's trouble, but he didn't add that it was not gastric trouble. It was the other one—the obsession about the mysterious princess.

"Then you'd better take some aspirins and go to bed," Ellen said sensibly.

"Yes. Yes, I suppose I had. By the way, have you finished that picture yet?"

"The one in the gardens of San Jorge? Mark, do you know that's the first time you've been interested in one of my pictures."

Mark looked at her guiltily. "It isn't, really. But I liked this one particularly."

"Well, it isn't quite finished. I planned to go up there tomorrow with Lindy. By the way, Mark, you do remember that I'm leaving on Monday?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. I've been rather busy, I'm afraid. I haven't given you much help. You've told Lindy, of course."

Ellen shook her head.

"I've kept putting it off." "Yes. I realise she is going to be pretty upset," Mark said in distress. "I should have told her myself. I—somehow, I'd rather hoped you'd change your mind."

Ellen looked at him quickly. Then her gaze fell. He had scarcely heard what she was saying. He was miles away . . .

Lindy was full of an important but fearful excitement when she found that her father wanted to meet the princess. He would love her. He really

would. But what would he say when he discovered Lindy had lied? He would see the sunlight, and the proudly stepping peacocks, the fluttering doves, the comical stork with one leg tucked resolutely into his feathers, the ivy and honeysuckle growing over the old castle walls, the blue sky and the city, tier on tier of tawny roofs stretching beneath them . . . And he would see the princess sitting quietly . . .

"Lindy, why can't you sleep?"

That was Ellen bending over her as she started up in a nightmare. Ellen was close and soft and sweet. Lindy wound her arms suffocatingly round Ellen's neck.

"I keep dreaming about the princess."

"That princess! I believe you care for her much more than you do for me."

"No, I don't, truly."

"Then Daddy does!"

"Daddy! Oh, Ellen, he mustn't see her. He mustn't!"

"Why ever not?"

"Because—Lindy could not say why. She was only conscious of an overwhelming sadness."

"My dear little Lindy!"

Ellen was saying gently.

"You're only six, but you'll have to grow up one day. You can't go on living in dreams."

"Daddy, too?" said Lindy in her sad half-comprehension.

"Mark, too," said Ellen firmly, forgetting suddenly that she was speaking to the child.

The proper time to influence the character of a child is about a hundred years before he is born.

—Dean W. R. Inge

Although she had planned to finish her picture that day—there was now so little time left—Ellen found it almost impossible to work.

The day was perfect. The sun shone from the clear, blue sky, the heat brought out the sweet, penetrating scent of the honeysuckle, and made the vast, tawny carpet of the city beneath shimmer in a colorless haze. The peacocks were in their most flamboyant mood, and struttled along the edge of the castle ruins, spreading and then closing, with a rattle of quills, their magnificent tails. The doves crooned, and the little girls in white pinafores, like plump blossoms, tumbled on the grass.

The princess sat in her customary place. Lindy, as usual, hovered about her, but today she seemed to be earnestly explaining something that the princess did not understand. Her face had grown pink with distress, and once she looked on the verge of tears.

The language barrier again, Ellen thought, but could take no interest in going over to unravel the threads of the conversation. She was too unhappy herself.

Only two more days in this sun-soaked city, that at the beginning had seemed so enchanted. Tonight she must tell Lindy she was going. She could not put it off any longer, because Mark was going to do nothing to make her change her mind.

Her coming had been a gigantic failure. She had made Lindy happy only to cruelly take the happiness from her, and, as for herself, loving Mark far off in England had been preferable to this daily torture.

Even her paint brush had failed her. She could not induce it to add one more stroke to the partly finished picture.

Wearily she flung it down and went to sit on the bench

near the wall that overlooked the panorama of the city and the harbor. She spread her yellow dress about her and blinked back her tears . . .

It was there that Mark found her.

He exclaimed, "Ellen!" in a voice of the greatest astonishment. Then, again, "Ellen!" in almost a whisper.

She sprang up.

"Mark! Why have you come up here? Is something wrong?"

"No, nothing. I mean, everything. At least—"

"Mark!" She looked at him bewilderedly. What had brought that look of delight, of almost unbearable delight, to his eyes?

"You have a yellow dress on," he said.

"Yes, I have. What of it?"

"It made me think you were the princess. I've been standing looking at you, trying to pluck up courage to speak to you. Don't you see? You painted the princess in a yellow dress."

"Oh, Mark, I'm sorry! I've disappointed you."

"Disappointed? No. That isn't the word."

Ellen could feel the perplexed color coming into her cheeks.

"The princess always wears black, and it was too drab for the kind of picture I was painting. Like a crow. So I cheated, and made her wear a yellow dress."

"—and I saw you sitting there, so graceful, so alone. Ellen, why didn't you tell me how alone you were, too? And how lovely—"

"Daddy!" Lindy was before them, eyes abashed. "Daddy, I don't really want you to meet the princess, but she says she wants to meet you, so—so—"

Her voice faltered. She looked towards the old lady in black, white-haired, very frail, and erect, feeling her way with a stick.

"Daddy, she is beautiful! Truly!" Lindy whispered in agony. "I only pretended to you she was like Ellen when I told you—"

"Indeed, she is very beautiful," Mark said serenely, and, going towards the old woman, he took her delicate, aged hand and lifted it to his lips.

"It is kind of you to say that," said the old woman in a voice of courtesy and dignity. "And, indeed, it was true once. I have enjoyed talking to your daughter. She is an intelligent child. And she describes things to me—the peacocks, the sunshine. I find it diverting."

Then, with the impatient, nervous movement of the very old, she fussed them aside with her stick and went on her unsteady but imperial way.

"Daddy, even if you're as old as forever you can be beautiful, can't you?" Lindy was insisting. "I didn't tell you a lie."

"No, you didn't tell me a lie." Mark found he was holding Ellen's hand closely in his own. He watched the progress of the old, blind woman. Then he said: "The princess is not only beautiful, but unselfish."

"Why is she unselfish, Daddy?" When Mark didn't answer her at once, because he seemed to be staring at Ellen's hair, a light, soft brown, pinned in a knot on her neck, Lindy hopped impatiently. "Why?"

"Because," said Mark, still looking at Ellen in that absorbed way, "she has given me her eyes."

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patience and concentration as when she was playing some tremendous swordfish on her line. In the meantime they were cruising up and down the coast, but returning to Mazatlan every few days. Thumbs got sick and tired of paddling around in a circle, and there was an atmosphere on the Orca so thick you couldn't have cut it with a machete.

The prince said he was ill, and there was a big row when he insisted the Orca set course for home and Tracey refused. In the end he left by train—at that time there was no airline yet and if you didn't have a private yacht at your command the train was the only means of getting to or from Mazatlan.

"How is Captain Hammers? Still sick?" Tracey asked Thumbs lightly after she had seen her husband off.

"Captain Hammers needs money and can't get it," he blurted out.

"Oh? to keep that little dancer in emeralds?" she said nastily. Thumbs was so fed up with the whole set-up that he spilled it all out at once: the sharks, the livers, the oil, the Chempax, the chance to pay the local fishermen a decent price and, at the same time, rehabilitate Glenn.

"So that's the scheme his little girl figured out for holding him," Tracey mused with a queer sort of acknowledgement for a rival's astuteness.

"Bait him with something picturesque like shark-fishing but keep him in port; show him a faint taste of danger, adventure, plus the hope of making the grand slam—just what our man would like. Sharks, indeed!"

"I think it may be good for him to settle down for a while. Do some hard, steady work, create work for others, be the boss of a small fishing fleet—it would do a lot for his self-respect."

She rammed her hands into her pockets. "Great heavens, Thumbs, doesn't it make you sick to see a man like Hammers waste his life? If I don't drag him out of this hell-hole by force, he'll go to the dogs! Self-respect—here? I'll pull him out of this morass even if it kills me. I'll make him master of the Arundel to begin with—that'll give him self-respect if anything will!"

"Tell Captain Hammers, if he wishes to talk business with me he may meet me tomorrow in the lobby of the Hotel Colonial at 11 a.m. sharp."

As a result of their business meeting they went off to the Bahamas to look at the Arundel, leaving Thumbs behind with Tracey's cheque for five thousand dollars and a bunch of orders disguised as demands upon his friendship. He was to take the Orca to Balboa, put her in dry dock, return to Mazatlan, make a down payment on a certain second-hand launch Manuel had recommended to Glenn and put her in repair, look after the licence and clearing papers, supervise the purchase of lines, nets, and various props necessary for commercial shark-fishing—of which Thumbs knew very little—and to establish Vida Pachuela as the nominal head of the Cooperativa de Pescadores, Mazatlan.

In the meantime Glenn was to meet with the Chempax boys in San Francisco to make their agreement watertight and then meet Tracey in her little Waco seaplane in New York. Thumbs put them on the train in Mazatlan, but Tracey held up the departure by jumping once more down to the platform for another goodbye. "So long, Thumbs, we'll be back in a week. Take good care of yourself and of everything."

"Same to you," "And Thumbs," she said with

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a new softness, 'don't you wish me a happy landing?'

"Sure. Happy landing, kid."

Suddenly she flung her arms around Thumbs and gave him a kiss. It was the kind of kiss a little girl might give her grand-daddy, but it sent a current through him from head to toe. Probably it had never occurred to her that fat, funny Bob Thumborn, too, was a man.

STRANGELY enough, Vida, who had grown up in the gutter, represented in Glenn's life exactly the things from which he was running away when he quit the Navy and fell out with his family: discipline, responsibilities, order; to stay in port and do one's daily duty even if it's so dull it sometimes feels like a dry rot in your bones. While Tracey stood for that other side of his character: the restlessness, the need for excitement, adventure, danger. Thumbs had known her since she'd been in braces and pig-tails, and as she grew up he watched her chasing after ever fiercer and cruder thrills, as if nothing could satisfy her.

And so Glenn and Tracey were gone, not for a week but for more than a month, and not so much as a postcard from them. Thumbs never learned exactly what happened to them during that time. He could only guess. In any case, when

lay waiting to be taken in. The countryside was rolling and lovely, and the blackness of the city went out of us. The Donegal hills were remote and sunny across the broad water of the lough.

We drove right through Ballykelly without knowing it was there, but at Limavady they turned us back. I guess I had thought of Ballykelly as a town; it isn't—it's what in Texas they call a wide place in the road. Except for two churches it isn't different from the cottage-lined highway we had been driving on.

An old man stood in front of one of the churches. "Mulkeeraugh?" he said. "Second turning to the left—a quarter of a mile."

"Do you know any Hamiltons there?" I asked.

"They're all dead," he said. "Miss Elizabeth died two years ago. You'll find Mr. Richey, her cousin, on the hill, though."

Mulkeeraugh isn't a place at all. It's a hill and three or four farms near about. Mr. Richey came to the door of the house on the hill and he looked like some of our breed—the pink cheeks, the light-blue, sparkling eyes. He said, "The Hamilton place is sold—sold to the ground. You can find out about it at the lawyer's office in Limavady."

I said, "I'm the grandson of Samuel—he left here a long time ago."

"I have heard there was a brother," he said. "Went away to America. But wasn't his name Joseph?"

It was the same everywhere we asked—my grandfather did not exist. As far as Ireland was concerned I had no grandfather and there was no Samuel Hamilton. Why should they remember? The tree of our culture had no roots. Maybe I'd known that unconsciously, and that was why I had been reluctant to go back.

My grandfather's brother—he who stayed—that was different. And his children—they were different. And how much land they had—that was different. And how improved it was and how much it brought when it was sold. These were immediate things, and who could remember an old, old fact like my grandfather?

he finally saw them again, the climate between them had undergone a radical change. The atmosphere charged with electricity, tropical storms brewing, distant thunder and lightning, and lovely rainbows on the horizon.

Piecemeal and only in rough lines, Glenn told about their experiences. There had been hurricane warnings down in the West Indies, but they had decided to take a chance and fly around the storm. However, owing to the erratic and unpredictable nature of hurricanes, they were caught on the fringe of this one and pretty badly battered about.

Their fuel went down and Tracey had to make a forced landing on one of those tiny keys and dig in until the storm had blown itself out. Nothing there but a few negroes and their goats. And there they were for five days, in the cellar of a deserted, ruined, and rotted former plantation house. Tracey and Glenn, all by themselves, in and out of danger and glad to have come through alive—well, it didn't take much imagination to figure out what happened.

On their return flight they had some engine trouble, and so they treated themselves to a stop-over for repairs in Havana, a place with just the right temperature to force a budding infatuation into full bloom.

Continuing . . . Green Paradise

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Everyone knew the three children of my grandfather's brother—Miss Katherine, Miss Elizabeth, and Mr. Tom. It was a good farm they had—about two hundred acres—and a good house of two stories. These children never married—the two sisters and the brother. Why? No one knew why. They were well-endowed, well-educated people, and they had more land than most. They had silver spoons and fine china, and little coffee cups so thin you could see through them, and all the collected things of the family for hundreds of years—pictures and books, and records and furniture—to make them envious all over the countryside. But they never married. They were well known, well liked. They grew old together.

MISS KATHERINE was the efficient one—almost like Tommy's mother—and Tommy did just what she said about the farm. He ploughed when she said and he sowed when she said and he harvested when she said. Miss Elizabeth was more for reading and writing things, and she had a rose garden. She spent a great deal of her time cultivating her flowers. Tommy was a silent man, but good—and very well liked everywhere, and the three grew older on the farm and they never married.

Then, about twelve years ago, Miss Katherine died. That was the directing head. The farm went to pieces little by little, so slowly that it was hardly noticeable. Tommy, with no one to tell him what to do, when to plough and when to sow, began to neglect the land, and he sold some of the cows and didn't replace them. When the roof leaked he didn't mend it. The hedges began to creep into the fields. When his friends remonstrated he smiled and agreed that he should keep up the land, but the directing head had gone and there was no one to tell him.

Elizabeth, the neighbors said, had her head in a book. She tended the roses, and she and

Particularly by contrast to the rough days these two madcaps had just been through. Luxurious hotel, drinking, dancing. Thumbs did not think it impossible that Tracey had intentionally flown into the way of the hurricane or tampered with her motor to force matters a bit. She had to try drastic means, because Glenn wasn't the sort of guy who liked to be chased; he wanted to do the chasing himself.

Well, Tracey must have played her cards right because when he came back he was absolutely crazy about her. What a woman, what a great, wonderful woman, why had Thumbs never told him about her, he hadn't ever dreamed such a woman existed! She was everything, simply everything. A daredevil of a pilot, and such a pal when things got tough.

YOU should have seen her, up to her knees in the debris, or carrying water from the well, shovelling a way out of that hurricane shelter, sleeping on the dirt floor, carrying loads like a man, laughing and joking all the time, about the negroes, about the goats, about the weather, about the place. About Glenn, too, if he worried about her. But then, in Havana! A new evening dress, all woman, the most beautiful woman wherever

you went with her, an endless turning, always a whisper of admiration trailing after her like a—like the wake of a ship at full moon—

Hombre, Thumbs thought when Glenn waxed poetic, man alive, you sure are gone on her!

Whatever part of Glenn's mind wasn't congested with thoughts of Tracey was occupied by the Arundel.

He loved her, and Tracey was buying her and she, the Arundel, was being put in shape and by the end of March they were to sail for the Galapagos Islands: Glennard B. Hammers, Captain; Robert H. Thumborn, Chief Engineer.

It must have been a high time for Captain Hammers when he could show himself to his friends and family in San Diego, San Francisco, New York. All slicked up, with his master's papers and a command in his pocket, a living contradiction to all the gossip that had been circulating about him. Not a pauper, not a beachcomber, not a tramp living somewhere with some half-breed woman; not an incurable drunkard and dope fiend, and not dead either, as various rumors had whispered.

On the contrary, a handsome, smartly dressed, well-bred, and entertaining fellow, with the spark of independence in his eyes. "Everybody was as nice as nice can be, but I still don't think my brothers

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sorrow to see the house torn apart. It was well known that the Hamiltons had beautiful things. On the day of the auction the cars and the carriages came by the hundred, and people bought pictures just for the frames, and the beautiful silver went, and the fine china, and the books, bought for the binding only—and all by strangers. Strangers bought the farmhouse. It was a sorrow, the neighbors said . . .

I went to see the house and there was nothing for us there. The rose garden was overgrown with weeds and only the whips of the rose bushes showed above the grass, with hips still on from last year. The ivy had nearly covered the stone paths. The new owners were kind. They were strangers, and, what was even worse, we were strangers.

The sexton of the church at Ballykelly is an old, old man—lean and dry—and his speech is like my grandfather's speech.

I asked, "Did you know the Hamiltons?"

"Hamiltons?" he said. "I ought to—I dug their graves. I buried them, all of them. Miss Elizabeth was the last, two years ago. She was a bright one."

We looked at the graves, with the new cement coping around the plot. "Miss Elizabeth put it in her will about the coping," the sexton said. He didn't ask, but we felt he wanted to know.

I said, "My grandfather was William's brother."

He nodded slowly. "I've heard," he said. "Went away—I forget where."

"California," I said. "What was his name again?" the sexton asked.

The rain was beginning to fall. He left us for a moment and came back, carrying a full-blown red rose. "Would you like to have it?" he asked.

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Page 40

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are very fond of me, do you?" he said to Thumbs.

"Of course not. They envy you because you are doing what you like while they have to lick boots and obey orders."

"When it comes down to the fundamentals, it's every man's own choice," Glenn said a bit arrogantly. "I chose freedom. They chose security."

"Yeah. When it comes down to the fundamentals, you better buy yourself a captain's cap two sizes larger or you'll get a headache," said Thumbs.

So far so good. And what about Vida? What about the Cooperativa Pachuca in Mazatlan? What about the contract with Chempar, for that matter, and the tons and tons of shark-liver oil at seventy-five cents a gallon he was to deliver? Oh, that could wait, Glenn said grandly. They wouldn't be gone forever, and in the meantime Vida could supervise the preliminaries together with Manuel Perez, who knew a lot about shark-fishing.

It wasn't the first job or obligation Glenn had thrown overboard to veer off on some course that promised excitement. Thumbs had a simple maxim: that men don't make different mistakes at different periods of their lives. They make the same mistake over and over again and they pay a bigger and bigger price for it. Certainly, Glenn Hammers, who had quit the Navy because he was bored with it, didn't hesitate to quit shark-fishing if he could be the master of a good, sturdy yacht and sail her to some faraway islands.

THE Arundel was just the kind of boat that would attract Tracey. An old topsail schooner, she had been a kind of great Edwardian beauty before Tracey and Glenn and the shipbuilders put their heads together and had most of her complicated rigging removed. Out went the old engine, to be replaced by slick new twin diesel 120-horsepower engines.

Although she would never look as grand again as she had in her youth and under full sail, she wasn't too hard to handle, and in spite of being fitted with every conceivable gadget and latest luxury, her appearance was still romantic enough to satisfy the princess.

She was comparatively slow—twelve knots top speed—but otherwise she was a fine craft. Except that all this remodeling took four months longer than calculated, and by the time she finally sailed it was July instead of March—the worst season for the Galapagos.

Anyway, Glenn and Thumbs had meanwhile picked a fair

crew—a mate, a junior engineer, a radio operator, cabin boy, and two deck-hands. Then Tracey moved in with her whole retinue—cook, steward, personal maid and, to Glenn's surprise, also her husband. The luxury yacht was packed like a sardine can.

"How come we're having the pleasure of His Highness' presence?" Thumbs asked Tracey in one of their confidential chats. "Didn't I read in the gossip columns that you want to divorce him?"

"That's just it," she answered gaily. "If I want to get my divorce from him, I've got to humor him first."

He wondered how much it could humor the prince to be dragged off on a boat he loathed, to an archipelago he detested, with a captain he would have liked to kill, while his wife was flirting with everyone, from Glenn Hammers down to the radio operator. But Thumbs didn't say anything and Tracey, blowing smoke rings, went on confiding in him.

You never fathom those Europeans, for all their smooth manners. You call the prince a jellyfish but you're all wrong. If it comes to something that's important to him, he's absolutely inflexible. You collide head on with a concrete wall, steel-enforced. In his family, he informed me, you marry for better, for worse. If you marry, you stay married. Till-death-do-us-part sort of arrangement.

He is the twelfth Prince Barany and he absolutely refuses to be the first in this noble line to allow his wife to desert him; noble line, indeed! I suppose in his country they make you a prince if you own more than three goats. So now he wants me to do my duty and present him with an heir. If I had known he had this obsession about the holy sacrament of matrimony I'd have run for dear life after our first waltz. But one never knows another person until—Listen, Thumbs: sometimes I think he isn't quite normal, just a mild touch of insanity—it does happen in those inbred old families...

In a much lower voice she added: "Sometimes he frightens me. He really does, and you know me, Thumbs, I don't scare easily..."

"You bet you don't. I can't imagine what a man would have to do to frighten you."

Tracey stared at the deck with a queer, mocking little smile. "Can't you?" she asked. Then, suddenly making up her mind, she rolled up her sleeves, unloosened with an abrupt pull the scarf around her neck, unbuttoned the front of her

Continuing . . .

Written on Water

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boy's shirt. "Look!" she said. It sounded like an order and he looked.

Thumbs had never seen anything like the marks His Highness' fingers had left on Tracey's body.

Blue and black and purple bruises, lacerations, abrasions, and welts, printed upon the gold and honey of her skin. Thumbs gasped.

"He threatened to shoot me rather than let me go on this cruise without him, and I believe he would have done it," Tracey said, still with the same bitterness underneath her smile—like a dash of Angostura that hasn't mixed with your cocktail and meets you at the bottom of your glass. "I never cared much whether I'm alive or dead. But now, but now it would be a bad joke to get shot or strangled. Now—when there is something worth living for. At last." She turned abruptly, her voice trailing off, and left Thumbs gaping.

Heavens, he thought, she never sounded like this. This time it's not just a mood, a

jealous? The captain or the prince? Thumbs asked her once when she had come below for a visit to bring him some iced tea and a sandwich. It was hotter than Hades through the locks of the Canal, but she seemed cool and comfortable.

"My game? I'd have thought you bright enough to guess. My husband bribed Cecil; he has him spying on me at all hours, wants to catch me and—and—the captain at something. It's tiresome, to say the least. That's why I have to wheedle him into my camp, don't you see?"

So, that's it, thought Thumbs. Well, this is going to be a nice, peaceful voyage.

He didn't know what was really going on between Glenn and Tracey. It was barely possible that the captain kept her dangling just because she was so stubbornly set at getting him. Or else Tracey had warned him to be careful as long as the prince was watching them with a loaded gun in his pocket. If, on the other hand, they did have a love affair, they certainly were not demonstrative about it.

The only intimacy Thumbs ever noticed between them was that sometimes she would light a cigarette, take a few puffs, and then put it between his lips—just as she had done that first night when he had come to after the brawl. But there was something in that little gesture which made it more telling than if they had kissed in public.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

whim, an appetite, a passing infatuation. Tracey—afraid! Tracey—in love! Poor Tracey

But the same evening she was flirting for all her worth with the young punk who was in charge of the radio, and Thumbs felt like a fool for having felt sorry for her. There you are—up to her old tricks, he thought. Tracey always had a few such young guys on the leash. On the Orca it had been Hakanson. On the Arundel it was this Cecil Something-or-other, addressed as 'Sparks', of course, like any radio operator. A nondescript fellow, lanky and rather young. Thumbs couldn't understand why Tracey would flirt with him over cocktails, admire the starchy sky in his company, and even take him ashore in Havana to dance with him.

"What's your game now? Whom do you wish to make

It turned out to be an awful voyage all along. The old Arundel had been a happy boat, but the new one was anything but. As is well known, the feud between the bridge and the engine-room has existed since the invention of the first steamship, and the Arundel was no exception. Although the captain and Thumbs got along fine, the engineer couldn't stand the captain's mate and the captain was always beefing about the chief's junior. Sparks, who was supposed to be a good electrician but wasn't, kept himself busy carrying gossip back and forth and stirring up mud. There were quarrels between the steward and the galley, simply because the air was crackling with everybody's nervousness and irritation.

If the captain had fought with the prince, he didn't let anyone on to it. Sparks was insolent once or twice, but Glenn showed him his place and he knuckled under. The only one who pretended to be unaware of the tense situation was Tracey. She simply thrived on it, and knowing that Glenn and Ladislau would have liked to kill each other off, with Sparks cheering from the sidelines, was just her cup of tea.

Sometimes Thumbs wondered what people like Tracey—and even Glenn—have in mind when they dream of the Galapagos Islands. Adventure, the eternal faraway lost paradise, some such silly Robinson Crusoe stuff. He himself had been there once before on a tuna boat, and so he knew that they were heading for a fair sample of hell.

It is one of the perversities of those regions that it gets colder and colder the closer you get to the equator, while at the same time the sunlight is of a cruel fierceness, blisters your skin, stabs needles through your eyes, dehydrates you completely.

On calm days the water was



Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

SOME years ago in my class at primary correspondence school there was a girl from Italy. Later her people left their farm in south-west Queensland and went to live in Melbourne.

From there Amelia wrote to me thanking me for the help with her lessons and she concluded her letter with this invitation:

"If you ever come to Melbourne, my home is your home every moment that you wish."

£2/2/- awarded to "Ithaca," Red Hill, Brisbane.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

MY husband is Czech and during our engagement period his English was far from perfect, although he would always make an attempt to say what he meant.

On meeting him one evening I excused my appearance, explaining that I had just gone off duty and had had no time to freshen up. Gallantly he replied:

"Don't apologise, my dear. To me you could never look worse."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. E. Stefanek, 27 Kunama Street, New Jindabyne, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 28, 1957

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

Two former top stars making comeback films are wondering if the fans will still remember them . . .

Betty Hutton

● After four years' screen retirement (during which she made a far-from-successful visit to Australia), blond, bouncy Betty is back in films with a straight role in the United Artists romantic comedy "Spring Reunion." Since she was last seen in "Somebody Loves Me" Betty has been in and out of vaudeville, shed a husband and acquired a new one, and appeared in a TV show and in some of the big nightclubs.



Rita Hayworth

● Her ill-starred marriages to Orson Welles, Aly Khan, and Dick Haymes now Hollywood history, Rita, whose last film, "Miss Sadie Thompson," was shown three years ago, is attempting to pick up the career she so recklessly abandoned. Partly filmed in Trinidad, "Fire Down Below" gives her the sort of good-hearted-bad-girl role that isn't too exacting. That Rita at 38 must still have something of her old allure is suggested by her next film, the important and costly "Pal Joey."

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P.S. PICTORIAL-Show . . . is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events — price 9d.

Bearded Viking disguise for Curtis

● The career of Tony Curtis, no longer the winsome delinquent, has taken a new turn. He is now playing intelligent parts of his own choosing.

THE change came after he went to Paris to star in "Trapeze" for Burt Lancaster.

"It wasn't until then that I found myself among people with talent," Tony said. "Now I'm a freelance actor. I can go anywhere and do anything."

Janet Leigh, his wife, goes with him. They have been married for six years and remain inseparable.

At present a bearded Curtis—a sight to make his former bosses swoon—is roughing it on a location on the shores of a Norwegian fjord.

He is making "The Vikings" with Kirk Douglas and Ernest Borgnine. They sleep aboard a luxurious yacht which once belonged to Barbara Hutton, but the location is one of the most primitive a Hollywood unit has ever tackled.

The fjord is a twisting waterway a hundred miles from the sea, with rocks rising sheer a thousand feet out of the water on both sides, the summits wreathed in mists where eagles nest.

The moviemakers have reconstructed an ancient Viking village at the foot of these rocks. When a scene is not blocked out by mists the rain thunders down.

Dressed in a fanciful representation of the clothes of a Welsh princess, Janet said, "Every day since I have

been here there has been rain or mist! It has been freezing cold and the cameramen are tearing their hair out waiting for a chance to get their shots.

"Any other outfit would have packed up long ago. But this crew has gone on shooting whenever there is the slightest break in the weather."

As soon as the rain stops the whole cast floods from shelter of the huts and slithers down streaming mud pathways to the Viking boats drawn up at the water's edge.

Among the 400 or so actors and technicians the duffle-coated Curtis has emerged as a big personality to fit his new and ambitious approach to film-making.

It is unlikely that he would be playing in this film had Kirk Douglas not seen him emerge triumphant from a serious acting apprenticeship under Burt Lancaster and Sir Carol Reed in "Trapeze."

Kirk showed Tony "The Vikings" script and received a shock. Tony read it and was critical of the part offered. He said, "If you don't mind my saying so, I think the part you are playing would suit me a whole lot better."

Douglas was a bit taken aback, then agreed. They swapped parts.

"Kirk has been very kind," Tony said. "The swap is working out very well. If I were still under contract to a big studio I should never have

been allowed within a mile of a role like this.

"Curtis with a beard?" they would have said. "The boy has gone crazy!" Once I wanted to grow a moustache. They wouldn't even let me do that. In this role I have my hand chopped off!

"Any Hollywood bigshot would have forbidden that by saying 'How will he make love to the girls?'"

"I became what I was in films because I knew nothing when I started. I did what I was told and tried to learn what it was all about."

"It was the studio which made me into a pretty boy, and if I were still under contract, why, I'd still be a baby heading for an early end to my career."

Curtis, too, is one of the Hollywood band who claim they owe a lot to psychiatric help.

Sprawling over a table of a rude Viking hut, tousled, his beard matted, looking much older than a studio has yet allowed him appear, Tony said, "I was shy. Can you imagine that?"

"Inhibitions are no good to an actor. The man I went to helped me as an actor as well as a human being."

For the next five years Curtis aims to make big entertainment pictures with plenty of variety in the parts. He and Janet Leigh will refuse to be separated.

Janet says, "The worst threat to a Hollywood marriage is prolonged separation. Tony and I won't work on a picture unless the other can be around—if not appearing in it, then at least free to travel with it."

In spite of the lowering weather over the Norwegian location site, Curtis is irrepressibly gay.

He has been teaching the unit card tricks and mind-reading.

"I picked up a bit of that while I was making 'Houdini.' Now I am learning the flute. I have here"—he fished in his duffle-coat pocket and brought out a dog-eared volume—"a little booklet which promises to teach me a tune a day."

He grinned, and the smile emerging from behind the beard lit his whole face. "I was at a loose end when I finished 'The Sweet Smell of Success.' I went window-shopping and stopped at a music store."

Now Tony is busy trying to organise the unit into a band. "Kirk ought to know something about a trumpet—anyway, he played a trumpet-player in 'Young Man of Music,'" Tony said.

"Reckon we will start with him. The way this weather is we have a chance of ending with a symphony orchestra."



THE NEW Tony Curtis, toughened, and at last out of the pretty-boy bracket to which he says he was condemned by an unimaginative Hollywood.



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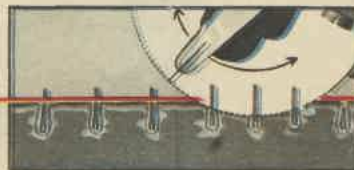
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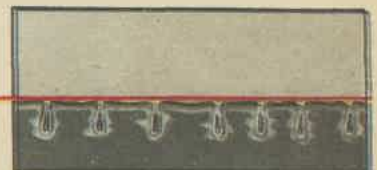
Make 1st September the day Dad remembers as SHAVEMASTER DAY . . . the red-letter day in his life when he said goodbye forever to the bugbear of daily shaving irritation, to the nicks and cuts and mess and fuss of soap-and-blade shaving. With this greatest gift of all from the family, you will give him the pleasure of modern, *electric* shaving at its best—and the closest, smoothest, best-looking shaves he has ever imagined. Choose from the handsome range of masculine colours and packs—the most popular with most men everywhere.

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Thumbs felt sorry sometimes for the prince. Poor Ladislaus would peer with bewildered, red-rimmed, inflamed eyes from behind dark glasses at the circus of flying fish, leaping dolphins, blowing whales, and the dorsal fins of their faithful convoy of ravenous sharks. Only the anticipation of some real good shooting on the islands seemed to brace Barany up. He was for ever cleaning and oiling his various guns and at the stern he had a contraption rigged up where he banged away at clay pigeons to his heart's content. He was a crack shot, and his score was consistently far ahead of Tracey's—not a mean hand with a gun herself. Thumbs suspected that letting him win was one of her methods of humoring him.

The fishing in those waters is something unbelievable, but the thrill of it seemed soon to wear off for Tracey. Too easy. Not much of a sport when you had only to hang a line with a strip of white canvas over the side to hook any fish, any size, you might ever have dreamed of. Also, the sharks were a bit of a nuisance; they were always there, silent, waiting, ready to gulp down the fish on your line and streak off with it, hook and all.

Very few people ever get to the Galapagos because they are such a bad, useless, dangerous outpost. A few tuna boats, once in a long while a bunch of scientists on an expedition, or a few crackpots who either are loco to begin with or go loco after a few months on those merciless ash heaps, Thumbs mused. Cruising around Baja, California, the gulf, the peninsula, as Glenn and he had frequently done, they were acquainted with one of the hardest wildernesses of the world—desert, sheer cliffs, roaring rocks of sea lions, hunger and

thirst, blow-holes and tidal waves.

In the Galapagos all this is multiplied by fifty and with a great portion of unknown hardships added. Anyone who may have been dreaming of palm-fringed coral strands—as Tracey and Glenn perhaps did—or, like Barany, of jungles in which to shoot tigers, jaguars, and crocodiles, was in for a sore disappointment. All you see is a barren, ash-colored lonesomeness; as if a holocaust had burned anything that had been alive, leaving nothing but the barren skeletons of mountains and trees.

ANYWAY, San Cristobal, where the Arundel dropped anchor first, is a fairly tame place compared with some of the other islands. In fact, it was too tame for Tracey's taste. There is a large ranch called Progreso some five miles upland from where a few vaqueros were sent down with horses when the Arundel was sighted. It is the only inhabited place in the entire archipelago, dull and shabby, neither better nor worse than other such lost prairie ranches anywhere, and certainly not a bit exotic.

They grow some ragged sugar-cane there, some fruit; they keep horses and cattle, their lives made possible only by the rare and miraculous blessing of a spring or two in the otherwise waterless islands.

Neither the governor nor the owner of the ranch being present, the foreman of the peons offered the travellers hospitality of a kind and they spent the night shivering in some hammocks hung up for them in some ramshackle lean-to on whose corrugated tin roof a congregation of ghosts seemed to

Written on Water

from page 40

dance a minuet all night long. But it was only the heavy fog which condensed in the chilly nights of these altitudes and was collected as precious, life-saving H₂O into pots and pans and old tarpaulins, and also filled into their canteens in the morning.

Humoring her husband once more, Tracey acted as interpreter between him and the

ing chamois in the high Alps. Bears? Tigers? he had Tracey inquire. Certainly, bears and boars and very dangerous, enormous wild-cats, everything, the men assured, because Indians will always give the answer which they think may please you. And so the party set out on horseback for the higher regions—'And a funny cavalcade we were, for sure,' Thumbs reflected. 'Gave me the feeling that a few sticks of dynamite were hidden in our

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



vaqueros, who declared themselves more than happy to take him out hunting. What game was there? Ladislaus asked, trying to decide which of his shot-guns to take along. Ay, any sort of game, very good hunting. Wild pigs, wild goats. Poor Ladislaus was probably fancying himself hunting wild boar, as on an antique tapestry; or at the exquisite sport of shoot-

saddle-bags and might explode any moment.

Tracey would have liked to stay behind or even return to the Arundel with the captain. But evidently Barany didn't let her go. While Glenn, in turn, refused to let her ride off into the unknown ashen wilderness with only her husband as her guard and protection. As for Thumbs, he tagged along as a

kind of bumper in case of a collision between the two men.

Cummings, the steward, a middle-aged fellow who had once served on an ocean liner and prided himself on his experienced ways with de luxe passengers, had taken some paternal interest in Ladislaus, and followed him around like a whiskered wet nurse, and the cabin-boy, filled with treasure-chest stories from the comics, acted as a gun-bearer or something. A few of the vaqueros came along as guides for the fun, the cigarettes, the candy bars, the tips—and to watch the behaviour of these strange people from another world.

where, under certain favorable conditions, a small landing craft might conceivably get in on Isabela. The channel that leads to it is very narrow and hard to find because a nasty little island sits in front of it. Glenn decided to drop anchor two miles off and try to get in with the boat—a nice fourteen-foot International with an outboard-motor.

It was a fine piece of seamanship to bring her in, and the prince as well as Cummings suffered agonies during the buffeting they took. When they saw the heaps of bleached bones strewn all around the tiny cove—whalebones, bones of various kinds of animals, and probably a few of homo sapiens also—the explorers were awfully glad to have a man of Captain Hammers' calibre in charge.

'Sort of scary, ain't it?' Cummings whispered with flabby lips. 'Sure is,' said Dave, the cabin-boy, pale and trembling.

Prince Barany said nothing. He only threw up his head discreetly and exhaustedly pressed to a jagged lava rock. The others, too, were silent as they looked around. There is something ominous in the very air hovering over those islands that makes your chest feel tight and your heart palpitate, your ears drone. A perpetual sensing of unknown dangers, although the sparse records of former visitors mention no poisonous snakes, no ferals, no beasts of prey. But then, who could be sure what might be hiding in those never-touched forests above the eight-hundred-foot line that was their goal?

Tracey summed it up when she said: 'I wouldn't be surprised, Lahszi, if you should shoot a dinosaur yet.' As for Thumbs, he wouldn't have been surprised if one of the volcanoes had erupted right then

Tagus Coye is the only spot

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At 7 p.m.—a refreshing
Lifebuoy bath

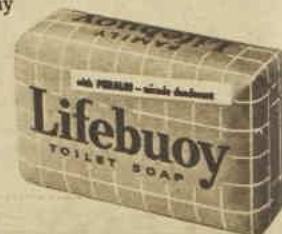


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BACHELOR PARTY



1 UPSET by news of the pregnancy of his wife (Patricia Smith), bookkeeper Murray doesn't feel like joining the boys from the office in a bachelor party planned for a colleague that night. But Patricia finally persuades him to go.



2 A NOISY DINNER begins the bachelor evening, with the office wag (Jack Warden) presenting the guest of honor (Philip Abbott) with some gag gifts. Murray is glad he came.



3 MOVING ON to Greenwich Village Murray appreciatively eyes arty Carolyn Jones when the boys begin talking to her. She asks Murray and the others to join her at a Village party later that night.



4 AT HOME with her sister-in-law (Nancy Marchand) for company, Patricia is phoned by a now gay Murray, who is disappointed when she asks him to come away.



5 PARTY SPIRIT deteriorates into drunken confidences as the boys take a train for Murray's home.



6 FOLLOWING quarrel with his wife, Murray and the others join Carolyn at the party, but cannot recapture the former carefree atmosphere of the earlier part of the evening and they soon leave.



7 A MAUDLIN Abbott, his engagement broken, is taken home by Murray, who returns to tell Patricia he now realises the full richness and worth of their life together.

★ The team that won Academy Awards with "Marty" — writer Paddy Chayefsky, producer Harold Hecht, and director Delbert Mann — have joined forces again to make another simple and touching film about "little" people.

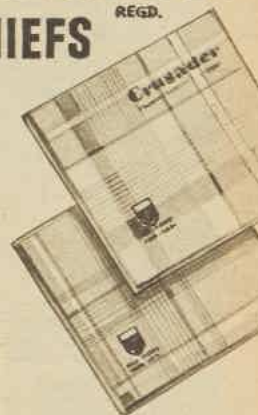
In United Artists' "Bachelor Party" a group of five New York office workers embark on a night of revelry before the marriage of one of its members. But the night doesn't turn out quite as expected by the three married men, the confirmed bachelor, and the prospective bridegroom. Young Don Murray, the pleasing boy from "Bus Stop," is the star.



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and there and swept them all down into the surf.

The entire nature there is so hostile, as if it wouldn't stand for man, the intruder, and all his nonsense. The shrubs grow not leaves but thorns, the fruit of one poisons you and destroys your mind, the manzanita blisters your skin and drives you crazy with an itch ten times worse than poison oak, the discs of the cactus would make a perfect bed for a fakir, and from the slimy green mangroves rise swarms of mean little black mosquitoes to torture you.

'Well—here we are,' Glenn said after they had pulled the boat beyond the marks of the highest tide, secured her there, and decided to stand regular watches. After all, if anything happened to that boat their chances for survival were exceedingly thin.

'So this is Tagus Cove,' said the prince.

'Precisely, my dear,' said Tracey. 'Now we are in never-never land—isn't it wonderful?'

THE collision between Prince Barany and Captain Hammers, which Thumbs had anticipated and feared, occurred soon enough—on the day they were trying to reach the higher strata of the mountain, where the dusty verdigris of cactus and mesquite changed to the true green of real trees, forests, jungles. There was not much tensile strength to the politeness of the two men to begin with, and the strain grew and mounted from episode to episode, like a long, sweeping crescendo in a symphony, until it reached its dissonant climax, final crash and catastrophe.

Most of these unpleasant, and, indeed, dangerous episodes were caused by the prince—an uprooted, unbalanced, neurotic, and, no doubt, a very unhappy man.

The poor fish, Thumbs mused. 'I was sorry for him. Disgusted, but also sorry, if you know what I mean . . .'

Although much of the island was like a foretaste of hell, with its bone-littered sands, sheer black cliffs, with the searing heat, the blinding sun of noon, the shuddering chills of night, it was also a huntsman's paradise.

Into this paradise of innocent trusting creatures came Ludislaus Prince Barany with his shotguns, rifles, pistols, and trigger-itchy fingers.

There was fowl in the air in fantastic abundance. It was understandable that Barany worked himself into a veritable frenzy and kept banging away indiscriminately, bringing down gulls and boobies, pelican and cormorant, two adolescent albatrosses, a negligible number of ducks and, with some regrettable stray pellets, also a few finches and mocking-birds and even an ill-advised young owl.

The trouble was that all these winged creatures simply didn't understand that man was their enemy. Instead of flying away they followed confidingly, literally dying with curiosity. Tracey could stand only so much of this mass murder. 'What's the matter with you? Are you drunk? Or sunstruck?' she asked her husband. 'Don't you think you've had enough of a binge?'

'If we don't teach them manners they'll become a nuisance, you'll see. They'll steal our food and try to peck your pretty eyes out,' he answered, ill-humored. He had suffered ten deaths during the tricky landing and complained of unbearable headaches ever since. He swallowed great doses of aspirin, an unsuitable remedy in the scorching heat; the salt he lost thus in streams of sweat he replaced with salt tablets, which, in turn, made him drink great

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Written on Water

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amounts of water. Glenn warned that he would have to put everybody on small rations if Barany used up too much of the precious stuff.

As for the things that creepeth upon the earth—there were centipedes, scarlet crabs, orange-streaked lizards and some harmless, timid snakes; there were a few of the giant tortoises which had given their name to the archipelago; apathetic heavy-weights, invulnerable in their carapaces and with faces like an ageing queen taking a decorous little snooze during a tedious court function.

And then there were the iguanas, hundreds, maybe thousands, of them.

They looked like toy dragons; they even tried to spit fire, but achieved only a weak little sneeze. Their fascinated and comical curiosity had no limits, and when they became familiar and sat down with you, you noticed the melancholy pouches around their eyes and the resigned smile built once and for

One of the harem women on the higher ledges, the mother probably, woke up, moved her head a little, gave the ground a little slap with one of her flippers, and dozed on. A big bull, throning like a monument a few rocks apart from his wives, uttered a boastful, threatening paterfamilias roar, unsupported by any action. Three of the cubs arrived with a flump and flap on the ledge where Tracey was kneeling. The fourth one, hit by the bullet, gave up midway.

It looked at Tracey with its enormous dark eyes, the beseeching, uncomprehending eyes of a sick child. A few huge tears were running down his flat nose and mixed there with a trickle of blood oozing from the nostrils. He made a complaining, broken little noise and died.

Tracey let herself glide down to the shining, small body and laid her hand on the sleek,

could kill you, do you hear me? Kill you—

Barany let go of her arm and stepped back. The smile he forced was twisted, the smile of a man trying to be brave about a very bad tooth-ache.

He pulled his pistol from his pocket and held it out to her with the travesty of a courtly bow. 'Help yourself, madam,' he said. 'I am at your disposal.' The painful joke fell flat and they clambered back to camp in silence.

Glenn announced that he would take the boat out with the low tide, look after the Arundel and her task force, and bring back enough provisions and, most importantly, fresh water to see the little expedition through two or three days in the mountain forests.

'What's all this fuss about water? Why, the forests must be flooded by it. Take water to the jungle! Say it yourself, Hammers, it's absurd.'

'That's possible, Barany. But as long as I'm responsible for you people, I don't take chances.'

'And how do you propose to transport all that water high up into the mountains, sir?'

'In our canteens, sir. And in goat-skins, on our backs, like the Arabs, sir,' said Glenn, holding down his anger with the technique he had acquired at various low points of his career: as a midshipman at Annapolis, for instance, or when he made a living by taking out tourists to shoot alligators.

Shouldering his rifle and muttering that one could always find water if one knew how Barany strolled away, whistling for Dave, the cabin boy, to come with him.

He didn't find water, but something even more surprising. Just about the time Glenn brought in the boat with four ten-gallon drums of water, the prince surprised everybody by leading two mules into the camp. Handsome animals, silver grey with black faces, as are sometimes seen in Spain.

Even Thumbs had to concede that, as sorry a sight as His Highness might be on the high seas, on dry land he knew a few things of which Glenn and Thumbs were ignorant. Tracks, scents, and such. How to skin a rabbit and scale a mountain. Tracey, with a cry of delight, threw her arms around the mules' necks and kissed them and then proceeded to give her husband the same treatment.

It was his high moment of triumph and for almost two hours he was free of headaches. He told how he had bartered the mules for some of his cartridges. He knew how to handle them, pack them expertly and make them prick their ears to listen and obey his commands. Feeding his hungry ego on the other men's amazement, he threw out sparks like a Roman candle, accepted all compliments with charming modesty and made slight of his astounding achievement.

Nothing to it—if one did not take it for granted that every one of the whiffs of rising smoke must come from a furnace; and if one noticed the tracks of hoofs printed into the dust-cracked bottom of a ravine and followed them. They had led him to a cluster of ramshackle huts where two old men lived, parched, brown, and shrivelled like mummies, the last survivors of some ill-fated colony. Communication with them was difficult until the boy, Dave, hauled up from the recesses of memory some of his grandfather's Swedish. Barany made quite a droll thing of their dialogue and there was for once laughter and harmony in the camp.

Did they have fresh water? Now only the few drops the

fog left on the roof, but later in the year enough water to drown in. But how did they make out without water? All right—you had to eat enough raw fish and soak a few hours in the tide pool when the great thirst overcame you. You can drink with your skin they assured him.

Where had they got the mules? From the other side, they said, pointing vaguely at the ashen barrier of hills rising between their shelter and the rest of the world. At the old plantation. Oh, a plantation? Were there more mules to be had? For sure, thousands of mules. Thousands of wild mules. Were the people at the plantation friendly? Safe to deal with?

THIS struck the oldsters as the funniest joke they had heard since leaving the old country. You couldn't find friendlier, safer people than those over there on the old plantation, because they were dead. Had been dead for more than one hundred years. More laughter and more knee-slapping when Barany pointed out that there couldn't be a thousand mules, not even a dozen, owing to mules' inability to propagate their own kind. They were just making fun of him, but compared with the Hungarian gipsies they were poor liars, he told them.

No fun, no lies, God's holy truth, they assured him. Thousands of mules, very bad ones, wild ones. These were tame because they had shot their

mothers and brought them up on goat's milk. They were children of the wild horses and wild she-asses, thousands of those on the old plantation! What else was there on that plantation? Cucumbers, they said. And what else? Cucumbers. Millions of cucumbers. Then there must be water, Barany objected, without water no cucumber. Sure, they shrugged, there was water. But you couldn't get to the other side in any case. Why not? The new lava flow, from the last eruption. Much too hot. In twenty years or in fifty you could get across again. Maybe.

And here he was now with two mules and a present of three cucumbers, horrible, smelly fossils pickled in brine since before the new lava flow had cut the supply. 'A very simple transaction, really,' Barany said grandly.

In this expansive mood he spread out his arsenal of fire-arms for Glenn to choose from before starting out. His Browning shotgun, his lovely 7-mm. Mannlicher, the darling of his heart, and even the heavy Westley Richards, memento of his glorious safari days. A little cloud darkened his rosy mood momentarily when Glenn thanked him, politely but definitely. 'Thanks, Lahsi, but I really don't care for shooting.'

'You don't?—But I remember hearing you refer to shooting alligators? Bears? Or were those just tall stories?'

'We sailors are such liars, aren't we? Well, it's possible

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all into their features, the wise smile of a species doomed to extinction.

Thumbs, a little shocked at detecting the uncanny familiarity in this smile, hesitated to call it—human . . .

When Tracey saw the prince reach into his pocket for his automatic, she quickly put her hand on his wrist to stop him. 'There you have the dinosaurs I promised you, although en miniature,' she said, not unfriendly. 'Please, don't shoot the little fellows. Who knows, tomorrow when we get into the jungle you may find large ones, real primeval monsters, real dragons—and what a sensation you would make, dear!'

That day, when the sun had sucked up the cloud which the nearest volcano usually wore around its head like a thick bandage, they got their first clear view of the cone and the ring of deep green rain forest lower down. It did not look very far nor very difficult to reach.

This, their second day on Isabela, was fairly peaceful until the very unpleasant thing with the sea-lions happened.

There was a noisy multitude of them camping on some shelves and stair-like ledges of the rocky shore, a lazy harem of females, nagging their cubs or asleep.

Tracey was entranced by the kindergarten of cubs. They were such a laughable, lovable waddle of fat babies. Just as Tracey leaped down to the next ledge for a closer view, four of them detached themselves from the others and trustingly flipped towards her, as eager to look her over as she was to play with them.

Then there was a shot in paradise.

round head. The three surviving cubs plumped after her, still full of curiosity and entirely without fear of this she-animal they had never seen before. There was another shot, answered by the huge, outraged bellowing of the bull on his autocratic basalt throne. Slowly he rolled over; still roaring, he rolled out of sight down the stair-like rocks, and with a great splash into the still, deep pool the sea formed between the needles of basalt.

BARANY shouted triumphantly, 'Good shooting! Straight through his left eye. Cummings—Dave—I need a rope—I'll let myself down on it and fasten it to the bull, and when I signal you pull up—okay, Captain?'

'I'm afraid somebody else got him for his trophy room before you,' said Glenn, pointing down where the small inlet had changed within the minute into a churning melee of triangular fins and slapping tails and snapping jaws, while in the air the gulls were already assembling with their piercing, greedy laughter. 'Oh, no! Not sharks?' the prince asked. Glenn didn't even give him an answer.

He bent down to Tracey and gently pulled her away from the dead little cub. 'I don't want the sharks to get him,' she whispered. 'I want him to be buried—please, Glenn—please—'

Barany took Tracey's other elbow. 'I'm sorry, dear,' he muttered. 'I was excited—the climate—this terrible sun, it blinded me for a moment—'

Tracey, her face taut and close to his, said under her breath: 'I could kill you. I

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BE YOUR OWN HANDY MAN. Buy the "Practical Householder," the monthly magazine that tells you how to do those odd jobs. Price 2/- at all news-agents.

I had to shoot a bear occasionally when he molested our camp — in Sonora, that was — but that was done out of necessity, not for sport.

'You don't know what you may have to face in the jungle. Take at least my automatic. For defence, if not for sport,' Barany urged. He was on top this morning and he wanted bitterly to remain there, show Tracey what a fine, generous fellow he was. Glenn took the gun Barany held out to him and inspected it doubtfully.

'It's my old Army pistol, 7.62-mm. automatic, Austrian make, a very good, reliable weapon,' Barany said persuasively, but Glenn handed it back to him with a smile.

'It's one of my principles never to carry a gun when I want to keep out of trouble,' he said evenly. 'You keep it, you may need it — I'm just coming along for the hike.' And feeling the seed of friction in this refusal, he added quickly: 'You are our White Hunter. You lead and we'll tag after you.'

By the time the fog had risen, the mules were packed, the boat secured and left in Cummings' guard, and the party struck inland with great expectations. They were gripped by a fever of impatience to penetrate into those never-touched regions which soon challenged their ascent with fiendish obstacles and yet called them irresistibly with the promise of restful shade, moisture, coolness, and discovery, the deep mysterious core of the unknown.

'How are you doing, boys?' Tracey said happily after ten minutes. 'I personally am so excited I can hardly breathe.'

'We're all short of breath. You better slow down and don't talk,' the prince admonished her with the fundamental advice of an experienced mountaineer. It was tough going from the moment they left the shore line behind, and it grew worse through the thirsty, pathless wilderness, under the steep sun.

What looked like flat mesa was gashed again and again by ravines, cracks, crevices. You would scramble down the steep walls to find the black shade at the bottom hot as a furnace. You clambered up the other side, slipping, sliding, and the shrub you gripped for a hold would stab your hand with hard, brutal thorns. Or worse, it came loose, shallow-rooted as it was, and sent you tumbling down the painfully gained height.

Some of these ravines fell down perpendicular, too wide to be crossed by a leap, too steep to be scaled. Nothing to be done but find a detour around them. Detour after detour, it took them off their course, deception after deception slackening their tense drive. The velvet-soft, inviting sweep of a hillside would be revealed to be nothing but cinder and ashes into which you sank over your knees. The green patch towards which you were striving would turn into an impenetrable hedge of cactus.

At first Barany had resolutely taken the lead, but this was not the High Tatra, and after two hours he did the most sensible thing and let the mules lead the way. None of his brilliant ascents in the Swiss Alps, glorious crossings of glaciers, winnings of bobsleigh races and ski trophies had prepared him for the difficulties of this trip.

His memories of snow and ice did nothing but make him unbearably thirsty and carried him to the dangerous brink of hallucinations. The others, too, were deceived when the shimmering heat created some

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mirage — a meadow, a rock formation like a fantastic palace, the gleam of water running over polished basalt.

Once the boy, Dave, simply conked out. He staggered and dropped to the ground, white in the face. Thumbs cooled his temples and wrists with water from his own canteen and lifted him up on the mule which carried two water drums, but the animal simply sat down, rolled over, and shook off the undesired addition to its burden, after which it peacefully trotted on.

The worst of it was that after many hours of strain and toil they seemed as far from their goal as they had been in the morning. The deep green jungle receded in ever new distances and Glenn said once with a grim little snort, 'Perhaps there is no jungle at all up there. Perhaps it's just another

they walked on almost even ground patched here and there with a rough tangle of lantana or a carpet of tiny yellow desert flowers. Everything went well. Until they lost the mules.

The pretty animals had been plodding along with the tough, obstinate, and sure-footed patience of their race. Self-supporting and independent, they had subsisted on scattered cactus leaves. With their small hoofs they would scratch them free of spikes and, munching contentedly the fibrous meat, they seemed to quench hunger and thirst with the succulent discs. But when the party arrived at the edge of a huge black lava flow the mules refused to go on.

Through Glenn's binoculars they had noticed this lava field when they were still out



trick, all done with mirrors. 'Now it's getting cooler,' Thumbs said much later. They could not see the mountain any longer for the drifting fog.

At last they arrived in a sparse stand of flat-topped grey trees under which they made their camp for the night.

'Doesn't it remind you of Africa, cherie?' said Barany. 'The night we came down from Suswe.'

Tracey did not answer his question. 'I am dead-tired, my dear. Aren't you?' she said. It was a gentle but definite rebuke to any sentimental or tender memories.

The next morning began somewhat easier; with a thin sprinkling of slanting shade under the trees, with two mocking-birds talking to each other. There was no premonition that this was to be their worst day.

They were getting used to the discomforts, the scratches, cuts, rashes, blisters, the sore muscles, the burning eyes, and they could make jokes about them. For more than an hour

at sea. A dead, black, dull expanse rolling down all the way from the clouded mountain-top to the shore and into the surf. Now that they stood at the edge of it, it seemed comparatively easy to get across. There were no steep gradings and the lava had an almost pleasing texture, molasses become rock, the rich frosting of a chocolate cake covering the mountain flank in soft, round folds.

A CRY of joy and relief went up when they discovered that nothing but this lava flow seemed to separate them from the edge of the forest. At last the ever eluding distance had shrunk. They could see the characteristic matted web of jungle growth and through the binoculars they perceived high trees, their sun-brushed tops woven together with lianas and vines, and the deep black shadows in the depths.

'This time it's no mirage,'

Tracey said, a bubble of laughter bursting in her throat. 'How long do you think it will take us to get across, Glenn?'

'Ask Lahrzi, Skipper, he's the expert. My navigating on land isn't worth a hoot.'

'Soon you are going to meet your dinosaurs, Lahrzi,' she said gaily.

'You and your dinosaur!' the prince said, amused and lenient. 'No fairy tales for me, please. But I am sure there must be some of those South American big cats — mountain lions, pumas, cougars, maybe even black panthers? He sized up the barren expanse before them. 'It can't take us more than two hours to get there, what do you think, Captain?'

'I have given up thinking. But I guess you are right,' Glenn said after taking a sight and handing the sextant to Thumbs. 'Less than a mile — two hours on the outside? What would you say, Thumbs?'

This was the place and the moment when the mules refused to go on. Barany of the landed gentry, the horseman, the expert handler of hounds, mules, and donkeys, talked to them. He whispered, whistled, shouted, cajoled, threatened. They would not go. They put back their ears, showed their long yellow teeth, but they wouldn't go.

He opened one of the saddlebags and walked backwards ahead of them, showing them the lumps of sugar on his palm. They stretched their necks, snatched the sugar, but remained where they were, their legs rammed with mule-stubbornness to the ground.

Dave, raised on a farm, assisted with expert advice from the sidelines. Barany shouted some curse or insult at him, fortunately in Hungarian. He told the boy to push the mules from behind while he, himself, pulled in front. But the mules would not budge.

There was no possible detour around this lava field, which stretched all the way from the top down to the sea. If they wanted to reach the forest they had to get across and they had also to get their equipment, food, and drinking water across. Glenn and Thumbs stepped aside to discuss if it wouldn't be best to leave the animals behind and load the indispensable minimum of supplies on their own backs — as they had planned before the miraculous acquisition of those stubborn mules.

And Glenn said reflectively:

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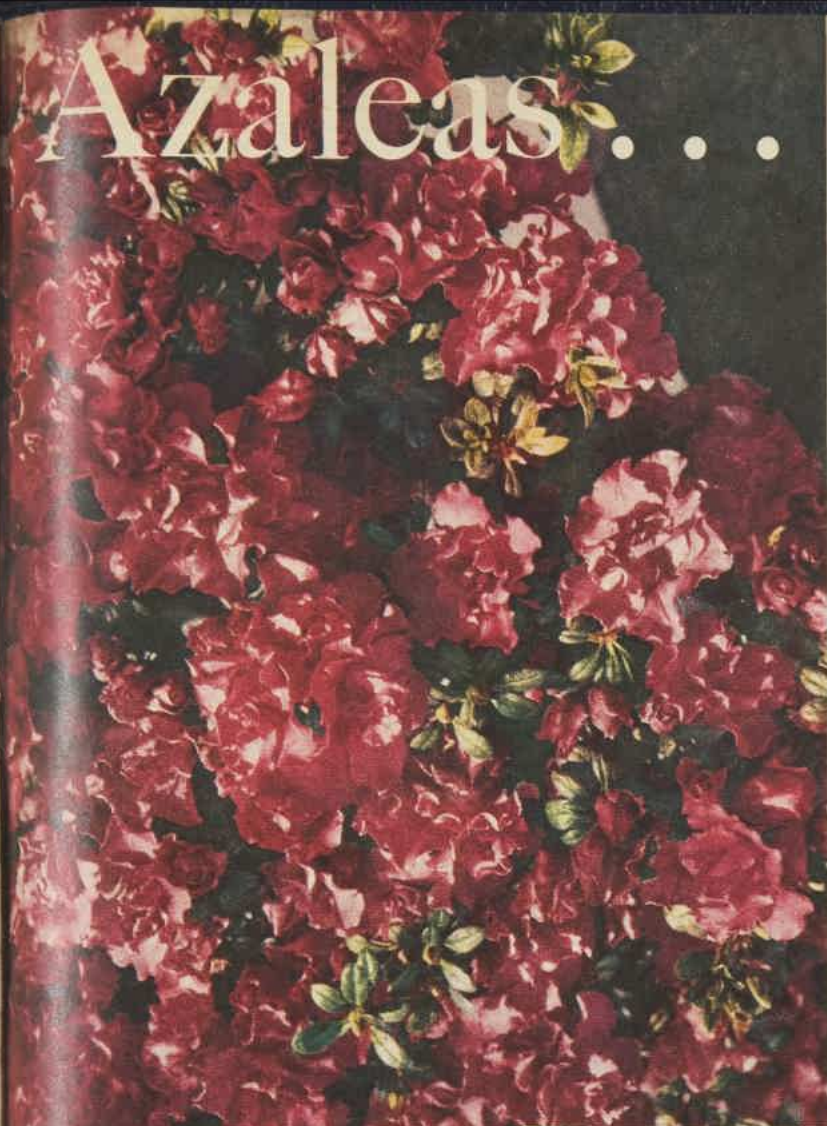
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1957

Azaleas....



● Azaleas are famed for their color and decorative beauty. They are also among the most adaptable shrubs, and are suited to a variety of aspects.

ALL azaleas seem to do well over a wide range of country, and can be seen in all States in spring.

In Queensland they do better on the highlands, where the climate is cooler. In Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and New South Wales they do well along the coastal belts, and up to 1200ft. in New South Wales.

In cold climates—high mountain areas, southern Victoria, and Tasmania—azaleas need the protection of a very warm corner where they get maximum sunlight; or they should be grown under glass, as they are subject to frost and cold-wind damage.

As a family the azaleas are all lime-haters and require acid or peaty soil that holds moisture well. They all detest cultivation round their roots, which are shallow and near the surface.

Much of the alleged tenderness of azaleas is due to dryness in summer rather than winter cold, but a mulch of old manure and ample watering maintains the needed uniformity of soil moisture.

Scales of various kinds attack the azalea, but the most common enemy is the lacebug, a gauzy-winged creature which has spread rapidly through all States in recent years. It causes spotting of the leaves, and this often disfigures them. DDT or E605 spray will give control.

Here are some of the varieties:

● Azalea indicum and Chinese azaleas

Azalea indicum and Chinese azaleas have long been used for garden decoration or potting purposes for winter and early spring forcing. There are two kinds, early and late blooming.

The early varieties are generally forced by nurserymen and expert gardeners for mid-winter, while the late varieties extend their flowering season to October, or even later.

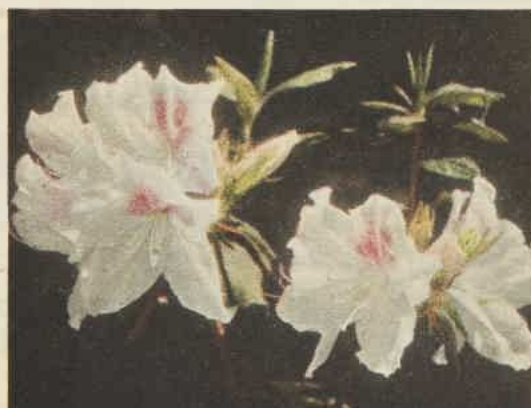
Some of the best varieties include Albert Eliza beth, a

vigorous grower, carmine and white; alba magna (pure white, tall); Baron de Rothschild (purplish violet, dwarf); Bernhardt Andreas (deep rose, dwarf); Charles de Buck (cerise lake, medium); Comte de la Torre (pink, bordered white, medium); Splendens (rosy salmon, tall); Roi de Hollande (brick-red, tall); Matsushima (salmon-red shading to white, dwarf); and Phoenixica (deep rosy violet, tall).

● Kurume

The Kurume azaleas were raised in Japan and are dwarf and compact, twiggy little shrubs, grown mainly in pots or in the shade of thin trees. They can be used also for rockery bays, where they get afternoon shade.

When potted up, Kurume—or any other azaleas—should



SCHRYDERI, a tall, free-flowering variety suitable for hedges, in lawns, or massing. Flowers are usually white with lilac spots. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg at Camellia Grove, Sydney.

be given thick concrete or earthenware pots or strong tubs, plenty of drainage material, and rich, rather open soil containing ample rotted manure or compost made without lime.

They live for years in any sort of container, provided the top inch or two of soil is renewed each autumn, when they usually start to throw out new growth. This should be scraped away carefully and replaced with equal parts of good loam and old manure.

In rockeries the Kurumes provide magnificent color and interesting foliage growth for years without being disturbed.



PINK RUFFLES (above), a lovely, medium-height azalea, one of the latest to reach the market. The flowers are fringed or ruffled.

VIOLACEA (above, left), a popular, tall, double azalea. The color is inclined to fade if the shrubs are not shaded from the afternoon sun.



MADAME VAN ACKERS (above), medium height, with cerise-red flowers that appear in fine clusters and last well.

THEODORUS (below), a prolific grower, of fairly recent origin, holds its color well in a semi-shaded position.



● Mollis and Ghent

The mollis and Ghent azaleas are both deciduous (leaf-losing) and their bright coloring in early spring is very effective.

They require similar positions to the Indian and Chinese azaleas, but some regard them as needing more protection from heat and sunlight. They grow to about 6ft.

'Perhaps they know why they won't go. Perhaps it's a new flow and we'll break through and get cooked to a turn in the midst of it. I begin to understand why these areas are still uncharted.'

Barany saw them put their heads together; they are laughing about me, he thought; they let me work myself sick with these half-wild beasts while they look on and make fun of me. Sweat poured out of his pores like hot oil, and the orange zigzags of a new migraine attack whirled before his eyes. Furious, he tore a branch from a shrub nearby, more furious yet when the thorns bit into his fingers and, nausea rising in his throat, he began to beat the mules, first their rumps,



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Written on Water

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and as they kicked at him he jumped aside and, pulling their heads down on the lead rope, hit their black faces, their soft, sensitive noses.

THAT did it. They wheeled around; a hard kick sent him to the ground; there was the hot smell of their bodies, the rumbling of water in the drums, crashing of branches, clanking of pebble and rock, and the mules were gone. The greyness of the bush absorbed their grey bodies.

'Dave — get them — run —' Tracey cried. 'Glenn — Thumbs — quickly!' She was already rushing ahead of the startled men. Barany limped after them, confused and dizzy from his fall. Once or twice they caught yet a glimpse of the animals, they seemed to be trotting off at a moderate speed, but disappeared as if by magic in impenetrable thickets of cactus and thorn.

They were gone, and with them all the supplies.

It seemed very quiet all of a sudden. The whirr and clacking of grasshoppers stirred up by flight and pursuit settled down. The teasing cry of a hawk suspended in the air on almost motionless wings ceased. There had been a last rumbling sound farther downhill and when they followed it they found one of the water drums crashed and split apart on a pile of rocks. But there was no water left in it; it had run out to the last drop and been immediately drunk up by the porous pumice — stone — like ground.

'Okay. This is it,' Glenn said quietly. 'No jungle. No dinosaurs, no big cats. If we are lucky, we'll get back to the Arundel on whatever water we've left in our canteens.'

Tracey searched his eyes under the wide-brimmed hat and understood how serious this was. Too many explorers before them had died of thirst in these islands.

'Right, Captain,' she said. 'The Arundel sounds good just now. Lahsi, dear — imagine: cool showers, cool drinks, comfortable bunks, ham and eggs for breakfast . . .'

The prince, though, glaring angrily through his dark sunglasses, refused to give up. 'I refuse,' he declared pointedly. 'I absolutely refuse to give up. If you wish to quit that's up to you, gentlemen. As for myself, I have never quit in my life and I won't now —' And with

caught up with Barany and pulled him back by the arm.

'Listen,' he said, dangerously quiet, 'if you insist on crossing over, you force me to go with you. At least my canteen is full, while you have used up your ration, and when you get your sunstroke I can carry you back. Thumbs,' he called, 'you and Tracey take a little rest, but not too long, and then scout for a short cut to the shore. But be very careful — you, too, Skipper. I'll try to catch up with you. Soon.'

Dave, with Barany's rifles over his shoulder, followed him



"I give up, Junior . . . What has four legs and flies?"

that he turned sharply towards the lava field shimmering black and sinister through the thin screen of the bush.

'The guy is nuts,' Thumbs said. 'What's he want to demonstrate? That we Americans are soft and spoiled while he is a real man? Raised on the hardships of the High Tatra and weaned on the milk of wolves and bears? Can't you talk sense into him, Tracey?'

'Let him go,' Tracey said. 'If he absolutely wants to kill himself, let him!' She opened her clenched hand as if to drop something that wasn't worth holding. But Glenn

towards the lava. He still believed in lions and tigers and he was too stupid to understand the risk.

Thumbs watched them as they walked single file through the bush and stepped gingerly out on to the lava field. He was greatly worried and he thought: The trouble is that neither poor Lahsi nor Glenn, and least of all Tracey, can ever let a challenge go by unanswered.

'I admit, this prince, this parasite, he has his own sort of pluck, all red pepper and paprika; and being transplanted into alien soil, which

is bad for anyone's nerves, and having lost caste, he needs to demonstrate all the time that he wasn't a kept man, although he had married an heiress. As for Glenn, he had his own complications . . .'

If Barany hadn't been kicked by the mule, and if he hadn't had to give up after ten minutes when it turned out that the mules were right and he was wrong—that the lava was still so hot that it scorched his shoes—and if he hadn't been blind with jealousy when Glenn and Tracey a little later got separated from the rest for a little while, he wouldn't have shot the flamingos. But there are such days when everything piles up against a person.

IT is possible that they had somehow got to 'the other side,' of which the old settlers had mumbled; perhaps the pursuit of those cursed mules had taken them off their tracks; in any case, the going had become somewhat easier and the vegetation a bit friendlier, although the glare and heat were bad, and it wasn't even noon yet. One might have expected that Tracey would take it hard that they didn't get to the jungle, but, on the contrary, she was the one who didn't lose her humor. You had to hand it to her, she was pretty magnificent with her animal stride, her honey-gold mane tied back from her face and flowing out behind her, her legs scratched and bloody like a schoolboy's, her skin glowing, tanned, impervious to heat and sun.

He could suddenly understand why Glenn had fallen so hard for her when they were beached in the Bahamas during that hurricane. Stress and strain always brought out the best in Tracey—and that's a rare and admirable quality in a woman, reflected Thumbs.

They had been creeping uphill once more, Tracey ahead of them and Barany sulking behind, with Dave straggling after him. Then Tracey disappeared over the top of a rise and a moment later they heard her

yoo-hoo and yodel for them, and when they caught up with her on the crest, such a piece of hidden loveliness was spread out in the gentle valley below that they didn't believe their eyes.

'Another mirage?' Glenn said softly.

'No. This is real. And it's worth all our trouble, isn't it?' And with this Tracey grabbed Glenn's hand and they ran down together, like children. Or like lovers.

This crest, then, was the rim of a crater, a minor one, shallow as craters go in that region, and at the bottom of it was a lake. A deep, clear mountain lake, the water blue lapis lazuli—the whole sky took a bath in it. It looked cool and sweet and deep except for a silvery sand-spit stretching into it on the other shore. And to make the unreality complete, there were flamingos standing in the blue water. Pink, with that unique flamingo glow, they looked more like flowers than birds, beautiful tropical flowers on high red stems.

Rushing down, the boy, Dave, arrived first. He went down flat on his belly and scooped the water up in his hands. But he spat it out at once, with the dumbest face possible. 'Why, it's poisoned,' he stammered.

In the meantime Barany had knelt down and filled his canteen. After the first sip he flung it down in a childish rage. This water was tepid and saltier than the sea and bitter and tasted of sulphur and iodine and God knew what disagreeable chemicals.

Perhaps the flamingos, too, were only visitors in that region, for they knew man. When Glenn and Tracey, still holding hands, surged into the water, the birds rose, still a wonderful sight, a cloud of rose petals floating above the lake. Glenn and Tracey turned around after a few strokes and stepped ashore, spitting, and shaking the water from their shirts and shorts.

'Phooey,' Tracey called. 'Too

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Use it from the top of your head to the tips of your toes!

Written on Water

from page 50

don't go in, it's soup. It bobs you up, you swim in it!

She stood there, laughing, water streaming from her hair, which clung to her face and gleamed in the sun. She made her look like an excited statue. Perhaps it was the sight that did it to Barany. Two shots at the flamingo and two birds dropped into the lake and the others rose, flapping their short wings, and disappeared over the opposite side of the crater.

'One — get them, boy — quick!' Barany shouted, and Dave obediently stripped off his white ducks and, chastely keeping on his underwear, he jumped into the lake.

TRACEY stood there with a face of stone, and there was so much hatred and contempt engraved on it, it was frightening. Glenn touched her arm, which had begun to dry in the glare and heat. 'Okay, that's that. Come on, let's get going,' he said gently, as if he were sorry for her. Barany came running up to them with the birds Dave had retrieved for her. He spilled a lot of French. He sounded apologetic or explanatory, but Tracey walked past him without a word, as if she neither saw nor heard him.

Possibly he would have felt better if she had made a scene over those senselessly killed flamingos or if Glenn had reprimanded him. But Glenn had no time or energy to spend on such matters. He had to get these people back to the yacht unharmed. Barany strapped the two birds together with his belt and hung them over Dave's shoulder. They were heavy with water, a sorry sight, but Barany kept on crying how beautiful they were, weren't they beautiful, simply ravishing, ravissant, magnifique!

They were beautiful until she shot them,' Glenn said calmly, and went ahead to help Tracey clamber over the water's rim — not that she needed any help. Barany turned with his strained smile to Thumbs. 'Seems I'm in the house again. But she'll love you when they're stuffed. I'll take them to Fereni Nagy, best taxidermist in the whole world,' he said, trying to inject some sense into this senseless piece of murder.

Thumbs looked at the dead birds, a thin dribble of blood and sticky pink water was running down Dave's back. The boy was itching and chafing where it stung scratches on his skin. 'If the worms don't eat your birds before we get to the boat,' Thumbs told Lahszi, and left him behind.

'I don't know what to make of it,' he said to Glenn. 'I'm sure at home he wouldn't fire a shot out of season or do anything that wasn't game. But here, where there are no rules for fair play, he's simply running amuck—'

Tracey joined them at that moment. 'You know what happens at a Shriners' convention, don't you? Or when the dignitaries hit town. Same thing. They, too, are correct, respectable citizens at home. But when they're off the reservation—well! He is on the same sort of rampage—and my God, the ugliness of it!'

High noon found them staggering across a fairly steep slope sparsely covered with tufts of coarse tropical grasses. A bad time to be there, without any shade or shelter, and the sun beating straight down from the equatorial sky. True, there was a remarkable view over the island shoulder of the height and towards the sea.

Through the glass Glenn could see part of the sheer black walls around Tagus Cove, though not the spot where they had camped, nor the boat, nor Steward Cummings.

The little island which blocks the passage sat there like a dumpling in boiling soup. Beyond it, out of the reach of surf and breakers, the Arundel was riding at anchor, bright and neat and tiny, like a ship in a bottle.

Glenn and Thumbs were taking turns scanning the terrain for the possible shortest route to the cove, when the thing happened that, in a way, was like a forewarning of the sinister accident that occurred about three weeks later.

It started as a low, distant rumbling. Tracey, who had been striding ahead, stopped and turned, pointing to the sky and out towards the sea.

'What can it be?' Glenn asked, catching up with her.

'Thunder, don't you hear? If we're lucky we get a thunderstorm, a cloudburst, hail—how would you like to suck lumps of ice as big as plover eggs, Captain?' she said gaily. But there was not a cloud anywhere, only the glaring, blinding sky. Glenn shook his head. 'I don't think so, no. Sorry to disappoint you.' Even as he said it the rumbling had grown louder and closer. 'Sounds like the beating of a hundred drums,' said Thumbs.

The prince had stopped twenty yards away, immobile, concentrated, listening. 'Horses—the wild horses!' he called. 'Watch out, they're coming this way!' Once more his training of the deep forests and high mountains made him superior to the seamen. For an instant Barany was the man he may have been in his own world: the man whom Tracey had married, after all.

AND there they were now, the wild horses of Isabela of which the old men had gabbled. The ground shook under their coming, and the drumming of their hoofs was something to make you tremble. They broke over the flank of the hill exactly as a high sea comes rolling from afar, mounting and rising till it breaks, howling and thundering, over the deck. They were neighing, whinnying, a dense mass of power, tails and manes flying, a ripple of black and purple bodies with shining highlights where the sun glanced off their sleek hides. It would have been glorious had it not been so frightening.

They came thundering up with such inevitable force and speed, directly at those four small people, in such a wide front that they felt utterly lost and helpless. There was no hiding, no scattering, no running away, nothing to save them. Now we are in for it, Thumbs thought as he hit the deck—there are such unforgotten reflexes once you have been in the service. His face was pressed to the shaking ground, the sharp smell of horses' sweat was all about him, and he could only think: What a silly way to get killed! It's all wrong, all stupid, too stupid to get killed like this—

Then through all the thunder cracked the sharp report of two shots in quick succession. Glenn was the first to lift his face, and without much comprehension he saw that Barany was firing once more: not at the horses but into the air.

That was how he saved them all from being trampled to

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Now! Specially made
for today's 'natural look' hair-do's that need
just a few curls

Tweeny Twink



PERMS
UP TO
15 CURLS
FOR ONLY
5/6



PAGEBOY PLUS Charming variation of the perennially popular pageboy style. Comb up so that roll starts high on the head and curves sweetly to the nape of the neck, where it breaks into a soft fluff of curls. Use 9 to 15 curls with Tweeny Twink, according to the thickness of hair.



NEW WIDE LOOK Beautiful new hair style that goes way out at the sides. To keep that smooth but puffed-out look, you'll need the soft perming of Tweeny Twink curls at the sides—maybe six at each side.

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By day, let it be a pony tail that takes naturally to sun and sports; by night, twist it into a beguiling little chignon or French roll. But first, make it infinitely manageable with several Tweeny Twink curls.



AT LAST, a home perm that does just a few curls . . . at the neckline, on the sides, the fringe up front. Tweeny Twink puts your waves and curls exactly where you want them for today's prettiest new hair-do's.

Even if you have never so much as set a pin curl before, you'll find home perming with Tweeny Twink delightfully simple — just a one, two, three operation of winding, putting on

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Twink—the home perm with special oil conditioner
for silky-soft waves without frizz

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the only T-singlet without shoulder seams!

You don't have to be a famous sportsman to appreciate the seamless floating shoulder construction in Bond's KaparT singlet.

For everyday wear as well as sport. It sits so lightly, smoothly and comfortably, your shoulders will think that the KaparT Singlet is part of them. The soft cotton fabric is easy to launder. No ironing! In two weights . . . Lightweight and Interlock! These fine-knitted cotton fabrics are of such high quality, that they absorb underarm perspiration and actually improve in texture with washing!

FOR COMFORT AND FIT IT MUST BE KNIT...BUY

10'6

Lightweight

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Interlock

BOND'S

Continuing . . .

Written on Water

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death. Simple enough, provided you knew what to do and didn't lose your head in the face of the stampede.

He had let the wild herd come close and then let go of the blast. These three shots in the air were enough to make the lead stallions change their minds and their direction.

They veered off, executed a nice sort of wheeling manoeuvre and thundered on, somewhat slower now, downhill; not like the frontal attack of a riderless Light Brigade any longer, but streaming past at a little distance in a magnificent parade.

THE captain and his chief gathered up their shaky nerves and watery knees, and made an effort at behaving like men. They congratulated Lahsi as if he had never been in the dog-house, and thanked him profusely and shook his hands and patted his back and poured on the compliments, thick as molasses. He, in turn, brushed them aside with a smile and a shrug. Dangerous? Not at all. Nothing to it—if one knew how to handle horses. 'I am certain Captain Hammers would have done the same if his principles had not left him without a gun, wouldn't you, Captain?' he said; he just couldn't help being nasty.

'I doubt it,' Glenn said. 'Gun or no gun—I didn't keep a cool head like you. I was rather confused. Scared, you may call it—'

'Really!' said the prince. 'My dear Captain—not really!' It was another of his great moments and he seemed a bit drunk with his triumph or he wouldn't have followed it up with the grave and dangerous blunder he committed hardly ten minutes later.

Or perhaps he was upset because Tracey didn't join in the fuss about his deed, although it seemed actually more flattering that she took his good behaviour in this tight spot for granted. She had moved away from the men and closer to the horses, whose wild cavalcade was petering out in a rear-guard of slowly trotting complacent mares, each with her foal at her side.

The main body of the herd had disappeared from sight, the drumming thunder had stopped and the straggling mares came to a halt and began pulling at the scarce broad-bladed grasses. Tracey, utterly fascinated, was drawn irresistibly nearer to them; she was breathless, not with the just-experienced shock, but with delight. 'Wasn't it glorious, Glenn? What an experience. I wouldn't have missed this for anything!' she cried.

A dark foal with a fox-red shock of hair falling into his mischievous face seemed to have caught her heart. He was impudently nudging his mother for milk, and the mare gave him an educational kick or two. Tracey laughed and, softly whistling and talking to the long-legged young thing, she stalked cautiously up to him.

In her absorption she looked like a different woman, tender and innocent, and Glenn watched her with the same unconscious enchantment as she was watching the young animal.

For an instant these two proud, hard people betrayed to anyone who had eyes what depths of warmth, gentle softness, love, were lying in them still untouched, waiting to be called to life.

Thumbs quickly turned away, worried lest Barany should also catch their face undisguised. But luckily the prince was fiddling with his guns, handing the rifle he had discharged to Dave, his appointed gunbearer, and clamping the Mannlicher under his arm instead.

Then, from one minute to the next, the pleasant pastoral changed to something highly unpleasant and ugly. Dave was making various shushing and hissing noises, farmyard noises, an angry 'Git,' and 'Hsst!' and 'Get away, you,' and 'Le' Cabin boys have no obligation to act like heroes, especially when ashore, and Dave had run away from the stampeding horses as fast and far as he could, though he would certainly have sorely lost the race without Barany's adroit manoeuvre. Hampered in his flight by the heavy, dangling flaring ingos, he had angrily dropped them and was now returning to pick them up.

But their scent had invited some dogs. They did not appear, approach; they simply were there all of a sudden. A small pack, not more than five or six of them, neglected, emaciated, thin, timid-looking, and stealthy, like ghosts of dogs with grey wolves' eyes. They were very frightened dogs.

Their tails between their legs, their heads hanging, they came slinking towards the dead birds and reached them just a second before the boy arrived from the opposite direction. But the moment he wanted to grab the long red legs of the flamingos and pull them away, a deep warning growl and snarl went up and he pulled back his hand.

Then many things happened almost simultaneously. The dogs snatched at the birds, tore at them, they were fighting over them, the boy was stalling and Tracey came on the run, laughing about her husband's distressed face.

Angrily he shouted commands at the boy: 'Go on, you're not afraid of a few mangy dogs, you coward!' Dave, needed like that, threw himself into the battle.

WITH a street urchin's resourcefulness he had meanwhile picked up a few rocks which he peppered into the yapping, baying muddle of dogs. Hit by a rock, one of them gave a shrill screech; a she-dog, a red-eyed, fire-breathing devil who wouldn't let anything stop her from carrying off this fresh food for her pups. Suddenly it looked bad for the boy, as the dogs had gone from snarling to snapping at him with their mouths drooling jaws.

'Let 'em have the birds, don't be a fool!' Glenn shouted, just as Dave lost his footing and was thrown down. Thumbs was running towards the snarling, scrapping pack, not quite knowing what he was going to do.

Because this was bad business. These were not just hungry mongrels. These were a pack of the dangerous wild dogs of which the people of Progreso had warned.

Thumbs stopped for a moment as Barany shouted something he didn't understand, and he saw Tracey jump among the howling, barking, snapping beasts to help the boy. At the same moment he was pushed out of the way, landing on his back as Glenn

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Continuing

Written on Water

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smoked past and drove into the mud muddle.

The bitch turned away from Tracey and ferociously attacked Tracey, trying to throw her down and get at her throat. But with the funny clarity one gets in such tight spots, Thumbs knew that the bright thing in Glenn's upraised hand was the sturdy marine-spike on the sailor's knife his father, the admiral, had given him for his birthday.

There was the shrill shriek of the she-dog as the spike went into her. And then there were two shots.

The shrieking faded out in a hoarse, dying, wheezing sound. Some barking yet, some pitiful whining in an eerie duet with a bullet's low winding off into the distance and ending on an abrupt high note. Then a shuffling silence as the dogs retreated.

DAVE was creeping away to one side and one of the dogs to the other. The she-dog Glenn had knifed was dead, lying quietly on the bloodstained tufts of grass; while the other one, hit by Tracey's shot, lay there as the surviving animals trotted off without taking time for more than a casual sniff at her dying brother.

Out of the muddle and tumult emerged Glenn with Tracey leaning heavily against him. Thumbs heard him say to her in a softer and more hurried voice than he had ever heard from him: 'You didn't hurt Skipper, did you? Are you sure you're all right? Are you bleeding — darling, my darling —' And Thumbs could only hope the prince didn't also hear it.

Tracey stared at the smear of blood on her shirt and looked a little, but caught her breath at once. 'Oh — that? No, no, I'm not bleeding — it must be from the poor dog you killed —'

'I'm sorry, dear. It's no fun to kill a dog, but I had no choice, it was she or you, don't you see?' Glenn said. His hand came down with it in a funny way and the blood was soaking through a tear in his shirt-sleeve, running down his wrist, and dripping from the tips of his fingers.

'Anything the matter with your arm?' Thumbs asked him. 'No, I don't think so. Not much,' he answered. 'Just a scratch.' 'Give me that knife, will you? Can you move your fingers?'

'Oh, sure,' Glenn said, and opened them. He was sweating a little around the mouth and he said: 'If you think I'll let you dig around in my pockets for that slug, you're mad.'

'Won't be necessary,' Tracey said, much more matter-of-factly than she might have felt. She was clenching her teeth as she examined Glenn's arm. 'It didn't go into the muscle, thank heavens. Only a slicing shot — still still now.' She was already improvising a bandage from his sleeve and using her handkerchief to stem the bleeding.

'That's what I'm telling you — it's nothing, a flesh wound. Considering what could have happened when that trigger-happy idiot banged away at me —'

It was the wrong moment for the prince to join them. He was still flushed with his various emotions and proud of himself. In fact he seemed to expect a round heaping of praise and his head dropped when Glenn furiously turned on him: '... Yes, I mean you! A trigger-happy, dangerous idiot, that's all you

are! If I could use my arm I'd make goulash of you —' And then came a string of curses that wiped the last trace of the flattered smile off Lahszi's face.

'What do you mean, Hammers? If I hadn't frightened those wild beasts away they might have hurt my wife —' he sputtered. But at Tracey's scornful laugh, he, too, discovered the captain's injury. 'Oh, I see — you must have rushed into my line of fire, Captain. Well — I'm sorry, indeed, terribly sorry. Does it hurt?'

'No, it doesn't, and if it did it wouldn't matter. We are not talking about this little injury at all, but don't you realise you could easily have killed Tracey? Or both of us? What did you think when you banged away as if we were wooden ducks in a shooting gallery? Listen, Your Highness, you better take yourself to a good psychiatrist and have your subconscious laundered or cut out or something. There's murder in some dark corners of it. And now I think I do need your good old Army pistol, after all.'

Barany flinched a little. God knows what he thought was going to happen; something fantastic, a totally informal and unprecedented duel, some uncivilised outrage. But Thumbs knew what Glenn wanted the gun for, and Tracey knew it, too. The dog was dying only a few yards away. The prince took the gun from his pocket and handed it over with an old-world bow and the great tragic airs of a beaten general handing over his sword.

'Let me do it,' said Tracey, taking it. 'You might miss with the left hand and your right arm is getting a bit stiff by now, isn't it?' She bent over, knelt down at the dying dog's side, and shot him.

THREE days later they were in San Cristobal once more, where a nice young Franciscan padre from the little mission cleaned and bandaged Glenn's wound, and by nightfall the Arandel put out to sea under a cloud of ill humor, nervous irritation, and barely contained mutual antipathies.

'Okay, now I've been to the Galapagos,' said Tracey. 'You can have them, Thumbs, and keep them. And don't say "I told you so" ...'

Anyone who has ever run over a dog knows how long the small shock of it hangs on, spoils your appetite, wakes you up in the middle of the night. That was the kind of bad after-taste the episodes of the seal cub, the flamingos, the dogs had left. Very unpleasant. But, as it turned out, all this was only a slow build-up to the horrible thing that happened on the home run.

Coming up from San Jose de Guatemala, the yacht ran into gale that blew at sixty miles an hour into Tehuantepec Bay through the gap there across the Isthmus. The seas came from every angle, steep walls breaking over the deck, and the Arandel took an awful pounding.

Whenever they ran into heavy weather Tracey behaved as if it had been arranged for her special entertainment. She simply adored gales and storms, and when the sea got rough you couldn't keep her in her cabin at any price.

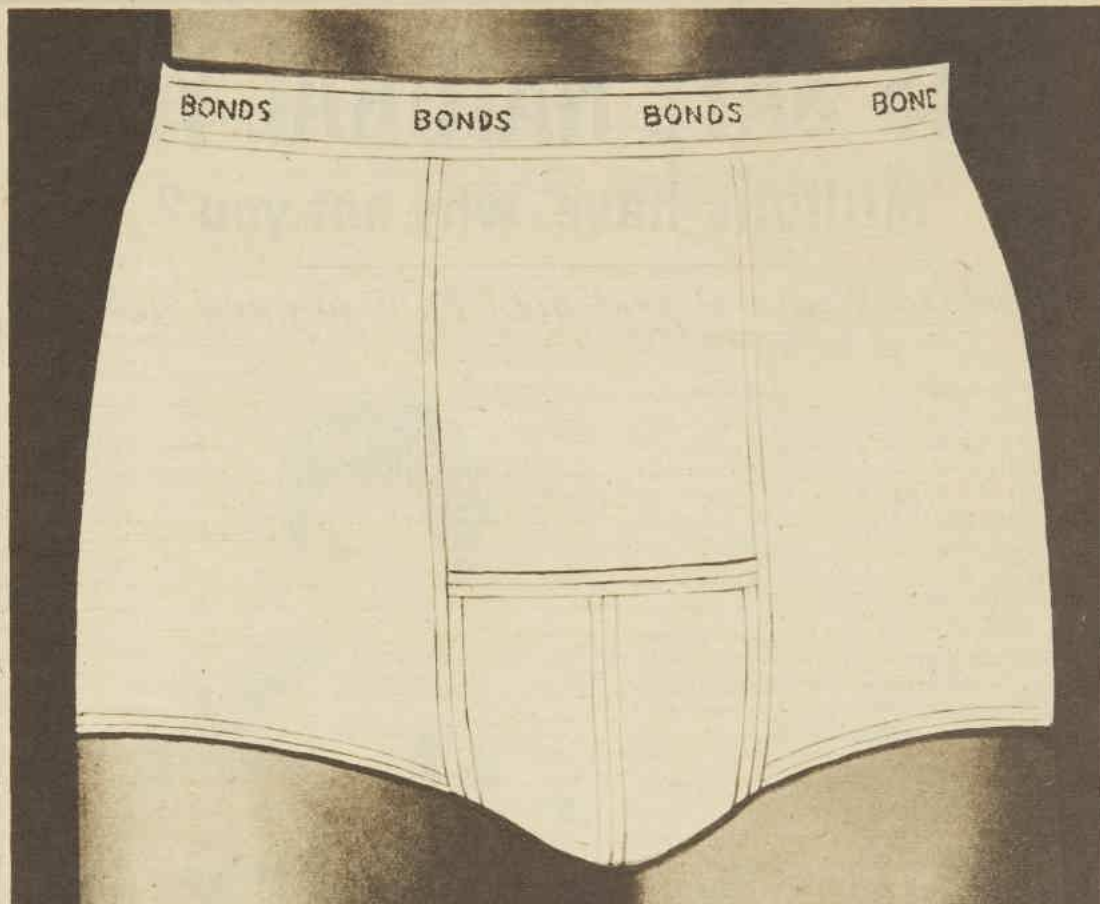
In a way you couldn't help

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FOR FATHER'S DAY!



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The only briefs with the exclusive Horizontal Fly and Comfort Pouch.

These briefs are designed by Munsingwear, U.S.A., America's best-known underwear manufacturer, with whom Bond's are affiliated. "S'port" Briefs give healthy, hygienic support where you need it. The fabric is finest cotton interlock (for cool support). They dry quickly and need no ironing. "S'port" Briefs for comfort and support.

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CHESTY BOND ATHLETICS and matching Knee Pants

Every inch of Chesty Bond Athletics and Knee Pants is 100% pure super-carded cotton. They're cut to give true "muscle-freedom". No binding, no tightness. Quick to dry, need no ironing. Every man feels like Chesty Bond in Chesty Bond Athletics and Knee Pants.

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Millions have - why not you ?

A delicious natural food-not a habit forming medicine

THIS IS A MESSAGE OF HOPE to every man and woman who has come to depend on laxatives. Even if you have suffered from chronic constipation for many years, you can regain normal, natural regularity and the health and feeling of well-being that are impossible without it.

Here are the facts. Today's highly-refined foods, appetising and nutritious as they are, do not supply the natural cellulose bulk our systems must have for normal, regular elimination. It has been estimated that as many as eight out of ten people today are suffering from bulk deficiency and the various disorders which can be directly attributed to it. The most obvious of these is constipation. Without even suspecting it, however, a great many people suffer from an insidious form of partial constipation, or incomplete elimination. They feel headachy and out of sorts, often tired and depressed, older than their years.

THE LAXATIVE HABIT

Laxatives can never give real or lasting relief from constipation because they do not reach its cause. Worse still, they leave the intestinal muscles so weak and tired that they soon become unable to function without further "shock treatments". It stands to reason that regular dosing with harsh medicines upsets the whole digestive rhythm, saps vitality and lowers resistance to infection.

NATURE HAS THE ANSWER

The remedy—like all Nature's remedies—is very simple indeed. Put bulk back into your diet and—in a matter of days—your system will begin to function normally again. There is no need to make a change in your eating habits because you can get all the bulk you require by enjoying All-Bran every morning. All-Bran is not habit-forming because it is not a medicine. It is a delicious natural food, prepared by Kellogg's from the nutty outer layers of the whole wheat grain, rich in Vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron. Because of its nutritive value, All-Bran builds up your general health and resistance while it supplies the bulk you must have for normal daily regularity.

BREAK THE HABIT—NOW!

Why not make this simple test? You have nothing to lose, perhaps everything to gain. Enjoy All-Bran every morning, with milk and sugar or combined with your usual cereal. Drink plenty of water. If, after just ten days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get DOUBLE your money back.

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The easy, pleasant way to natural regularity.

"FAMILY DOCTOR",

the British Medical Association magazine, says:

BEWARE OF PURGATIVES

Purgatives cause constipation by irritating and paralysing the bowels. This fact was known in A.D. 100 and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since. If you have developed the "laxative" habit, discard it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise will keep most people fit in this respect.

Continuing

Written on Water

from page 53

liking her for that natural pluck of hers. With Tracey you always felt that she wouldn't fuss or let you down in a pinch, and that's more than can be said about most women—such at least was Thumbs' experience.

In the afternoon he told his junior to take over below and went on deck to see how things looked up there. The seas were still washing over the deck and the ship was pitching heavily, but she took it quite well. Tracey, buttoned up in her oilskins, called something to him, but he couldn't understand; the noise was too loud all around. A flood of water splashed into her face, but she only shook herself and laughed, her mouth wide open.

IT was twenty-past four and not dark yet, but not bright, either. The sky was low, a color like lead, and the sea was almost black. It made the crest of the waves look white, like whipped cream. When the captain saw the chief he called from the bridge: 'It's letting up a bit, you better rest for a spell.' Going down to his quarters, Thumbs met a funny transport. It was the steward propelling the prince to the deck. The prince was bundled up in all sorts of rugs and things, and his face looked definitely green.

'We're going up for a bit of fresh air; that'll do us a world of good,' the steward said as though he were humoring a little child. Behind Barany's back he gave the engineer a little wink, indicating the hot-water bottle he was carrying along. 'Keep the stomach warm and the head cool, that's what I always say in choppy weather,' he admonished, shoving the poor seasick wretch up another few steps.

'I'm feeling awful, Chief, awful,' Ladislaus moaned miserably. 'I'd rather be dead than stand it another hour.'

'Sure, sure, we know how you're feeling,' the steward said, and pushed him on up.

'I could do with a hot toddy myself,' Thumbs told Cummings, and went on down. He had remained on watch almost ten hours and was bone-tired. Stretching out on his bunk while the Arundel was pitching through the subsiding blow, he began to feel much better, though. There is something very cosy about lying on one's bunk with a good hot rum toddy while outside all hell is loose. The Arundel was still shivering and groaning, her prow lifting high out of the water and crashing down into it again, but after a while the gale seemed to let up and he fell asleep.

He might have dozed for twenty minutes when suddenly he was alerted by a sound that cut sharply through all the other pounding, whistling, creaking noises. It sounded like a sail slapping against the mast, but it couldn't be that, as they were riding windward and with canvas reefed since the gale had taken over.

'Still dreaming of shots?' Thumbs said aloud to himself, and jumped from the bunk. There was a moment's pause after the first report and then it came again—three, four, five!

He scrambled into his sneakers and up on deck as fast as the pitching of the boat permitted. Even while he did so, a great shiver ran through the Arundel and her engines stopped. There were shouts and the sound of running feet and calls of 'Man overboard!' and 'Heave to!'

What hit his eyes first when he rushed on deck was that the

lead color of the sky had given way to a brassy brightness, clouds, with the sinking sun behind them ready to break through any moment. The sky wasn't black any longer but like molten brass where the reflection of the sky struck it. All the rhythm of the waves had changed. They were still high but they came at much longer intervals, building themselves up with a huge roar and hiss, and they broke over the deck last.

To see or feel all this took only seconds, but what he saw at the same glance was Tracey with a gun in her hand. She was standing near the stern which at that moment was high above the water, and her lips were white and twitching. With the left hand she was supporting herself on the rail. The right one with the gun hung limply down at her side, and she had a crazy smile on her face. Thumbs felt that he wouldn't forget that smile if he lived to be a hundred.

'Tracey—for heaven's sake—what's happened?' he shouted, rushing over to her.

'Sharks—' she said. 'They've got him. I tried to shoot them—but they've got him—he is gone! Give me some whisky, quick—I don't want to faint!'

'It's all right, Tracey, pull yourself together,' the captain said. Thumbs hadn't seen him come from the bridge, but suddenly he stood at her side. 'Pull yourself together, hear me? He let his hands fall heavily on her shoulders, shook her three times, and with that he turned smartly on his heels and went back to the bridge. A moment later the ship pitched down and the stern crashed back into the water while a new sea washed over the deck.

IN the minute of calm that followed the impact, a tumble of sharks boiled up to the surface, lashing their tails, fighting over something, and there were the rusty drifts of blood in the white curls of the water. Two lifeboats were floating down there, whiter than the foam, and terribly useless. Starboard, they were letting the boat down, and Thumbs rushed over to help them swing it out. The men in the boat hauled at the ropes of the tackles on both ends of the boat. The tarpaulin, soaking wet, wasn't quite ripped off.

The water beneath looked like a huge dark mountain with a snowy summit rising up towards the boat, and then it struck, almost capsizing it. The steward, who had taken the prince on deck, was in it, pale and trembling but with the stubborn pluck cowards show at times. It is strange how many things one sees and feels and thinks in a moment like that. Thumbs saw Sparks handing Tracey a glass of whisky and he saw her slack right hand with the gun in it.

The engine had begun to work again and the Arundel was swinging around to circle back. And suddenly the sun broke through the clouds in a blast of diamonds on the sea and the sharks, frightened by all the shouts and shrieks and commotion, dived under and were gone.

But for all the searching there was not a trace of Tracey's husband to be found—save those thin rust-colored threads of blood drifting in the water.

To be continued

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 28, 1955

New Film Releases

★ ★ ★ FUNNY FACE

Paramount romantic musical, with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson. In technicolor VistaVision. Prince Edward, Sydney.

HERE'S one musical that has everything: a new high in chic, clever production gimmicks, a fabulous wardrobe, the wonderful old Gershwin tunes, and a glowing, romantic Paris background.

As a drab little Greenwich Village intellectual who is persuaded to pose for a high-fashion magazine only because the job will take her to Paris, where she can attend the lectures of an existentialist professor, Hepburn is deflectable.

Treated kindly by the cameras, Astaire, the magazine photographer who discovers Audrey, has never been more likeable.

Strangely enough, the romantic pairing of this ageing player with the essentially youthful Hepburn proves charming.

As the editor of "Quality," Kay Thompson (working these last years as a cabaret artist) gives the sort of acid, high-powered performance that can only win her the undying enmity of the ladies who edit "Vogue" and "Harper's Bazaar."

If it's true that no film is ever perfect, the fault of "Funny Face" is that director Stanley Donen can't bring himself to end some of his best sequences.

In a word: WINNER.

★ ★ OKLAHOMA!

R.K.O. musical romance, with Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gloria Grahame, Rod Steiger, Charlotte Greenwood, Eddie Albert. In color CinemaScope. Regent, Sydney.

ONE way and another Hollywood has to withstand some pretty

hard critical knocks. But in big, popular entertainment such as this, it cannot be beaten.

The "Oklahoma!" that comes to the screen, not particularly original or noteworthy as a production, hits the bull's-eye of popular family appeal.

This folksy love-story of a cowboy and a farm girl in spacious turn-of-the-century Oklahoma days will send the oldest and the youngest in the audience away happy.

Shirley Jones, as sweetly pretty as a girl on an old-fashioned chocolate box, will be almost everyone's idea of the perfect Laurey, while MacRae, manly, and singing the familiar Rodgers and Hammerstein music as it should be sung, is a very acceptable Curley.

The film's most interesting sidelights: that accomplished dramatic actress Gloria Grahame playing (with the help of some queer make-up) the soubrette role of Ado Annie, and Rod Steiger as the villainous Jud taking part in Agnes DeMille's surrealist ballet.

Veteran Charlotte Greenwood plays the Aunt Eller role in strict accordance with musical-comedy standards adhered to by the leads.

In a word: FOLKSY.

★ ★ THE WAY TO THE GOLD

Fox suspense drama, with Sheree North, Jeffrey Hunter, Jacques Aubuchon. Plaza, Sydney.

MARKING the change-over from gorgeous-girl roles to straight acting for Sheree North, this somewhat unusual little film at least has the virtue of novelty.

The unfriendly, rocky Arizona terrain is a welcome change, while the small-town hillbilly crew of Walter Brennan, Neville Brand, Jacques Aubuchon, and Ruth Donnelly are as original a group of bad-dies as ever were got together. Jeffrey Hunter is the young

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

ex-convict whose aged cell-mate has told the secret hiding-place of a long-lost hoard of gold they consider their inheritance.

Sheree is the sad little waitress with whom Hunter decides to share the fortune. Together they make a dash for the gold, only to find—but it's a pity to spoil the ending.

In a word: DIFFERENT.

★ ★ GUN FIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL

Paramount Western, with Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Jo Van Fleet, Rhonda Fleming. In technicolor VistaVision. Capitol, Sydney.

IT was an inspiration on the part of director Hal Wallis to team top-flight stars Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

The story of the friendship between Marshal Earp, of Arizona, who stood for law and order, casting love aside when it interfered with his duty, and ex-dentist Holliday, turned gambler and killer, has become an American legend. It is upon this that Wallis based his film.

Rugged Lancaster as the righteous Marshal and Douglas as the ex-dentist are perfect foils for each other, and together make the two men live.

Jo Van Fleet looks a little too ladylike to be the drunken floozie who is in love with Douglas.

Disappearing as suddenly as she appears, Rhonda Fleming provides brief romantic interest for Lancaster.

The film is over-long, taking almost two hours to get to the gunfight.

In a word: ACTIVE.

★ ★ FEAR STRIKES OUT

Paramount psychological drama with Anthony Perkins, Karl Malden, Norma Moore. Victory, Sydney.

HERE is a fine and honest piece of filmmaking that unfortunately almost wholly lacks popular appeal.

Based on the life story of Jim Piersall, one of America's sport heroes, it tells of a frustrated baseball player determined that his son will succeed where he failed.

So hard does he drive that when the boy is eventually selected to play for the great Boston Red Sox, the responsibility of living up to the father's impossibly high standards drives him into a nervous breakdown.

No young player could have carried the role of Jim Piersall more admirably than Perkins, who proves himself the most worthwhile recruit to Hollywood in years.

What would have been a three-star film is spoiled by the slow pace.

In a word: DRAGS.

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Here's a snack for hearty eaters — it's giant-size in nutrition and enjoyment. Grill your favourite hamburgers. Place on a half roll and cover with a slice of tomato. Top lavishly with slices of Kraft Cheddar. Slip under the griller till cheese is bubbling and lightly browned. Serve sizzling!



Try this tempting Kraft Cheddar Rarebit (at left). You'll be delighted by the zesty flavour.

Dice 8 oz. of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and melt over low heat in a basin over hot water. Blend in two tablespoons of milk, a pinch of salt, pepper and one teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce.

Now spoon on to four slices of toast, already spread with a Red Feather fish or meat paste (12 true flavours). Top with bacon and tomato. Slip under the griller and serve bubbling hot.

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Flavored with SOUR CREAM

● You can give a Continental touch to numerous sweet and savory foods by flavoring them with sour cream. Contrary to general opinion, sour cream is an asset to all types of cookery.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT**

SOUR cream gives a sharp flavor to soups, a smooth texture to sauces, and when used in cakes produces a moist, even texture.

Both the savory spreads illustrated above contain sour cream. Mix it with herrings to pile on the fancy-cut carrot slices, and use it in the basic seasoned white sauce of the salmon spread.

Fresh cream or evaporated milk can be soured by adding lemon juice or vinegar.

Spoon measurements are level in all our recipes.

BORSCH

One pound lean beef, 1 large beef bone, 1 fowl, 3 carrots, 3 onions, 3 stalks celery, 3 quarts water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf, sprig of thyme, sprig of parsley, 2 uncooked beets, salt, pepper, sour cream.

Place the beef in a large saucepan with the bone, cut-up fowl, chopped carrots, sliced onions, and chopped celery. Add the water, then bring slowly to the boil. Tie herbs

and spices in muslin and add to the saucepan with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 2 hours. Strain, return liquid to saucepan, add the peeled, chopped beetroot and cook 15 minutes longer. Strain and reheat. Serve topped with whipped sour cream.

CABBAGE WITH SOUR CREAM

One small cabbage, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 egg, 1 cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Wash and slice cabbage thinly. Melt butter or margarine in large pan, add cabbage, and cook very slowly, stirring occasionally until cabbage is cooked but still firm (about 10 minutes). Beat egg slightly, stir in sour cream, sugar, horseradish, salt and pepper. Mix well and add lemon juice very gradually. Pour over the cooked cabbage and allow to simmer until heated through. Serve immediately.

IDAHO POTATO

One large potato, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon red or black caviare, sour cream, salad greens.

Wash potato well, prick with a skewer to prevent splitting and bake on the shelf in a moderate oven until tender. Remove, split skin and scoop out some of the potato, mash with butter and salt and pepper to taste. Replace in potato, top with caviare, and finish with whipped sour cream. Serve on a garnish of salad greens.

SAVORY BEEF WITH RICE

One pound round or topside steak, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, 1 cup sour cream, 1 small tin tomato soup, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 1 cup rice, 3 cups water, 1 red or green pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine.

Cut steak in strips 3 in. x 1 in., toss in flour, and brown in hot fat. Add sliced onions, crushed garlic, and quartered mushrooms. Mix well and add cream, soup, Worcestershire sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 1 to 1½ hours until meat is tender. Cook washed rice in boiling salted water and combine with red or green pepper which has been lightly sautéed in butter. Pour into ring-mould and keep hot until ready to serve. Unmould and fill with savory beef mixture.

CHOCOENUT ISLANDS

Two cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3oz. grated chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot coffee or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon instant coffee and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, 2-3rds cup thick sour cream, 1-3rd cup desiccated coconut.

TRY SOME of these slightly different recipes when you want something special on the table. Illustrated above are borsch, savory beef and rice, Idaho potato, choconut islands, and two savory spreads.

Frosting: One and a half ounces grated chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups icing sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shredded coconut.

Biscuits: Sift together flour, salt, bicarbonate of soda; dissolve grated chocolate in hot coffee. Cream butter and brown sugar, add egg and cooled chocolate mixture. Fold in dry ingredients and coconut alternately with the cream and mix until well blended. Drop by teaspoonful on to greased biscuit-trays and bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. While still warm, frost with the following mixture and sprinkle with shredded coconut. Store in a tightly covered container.

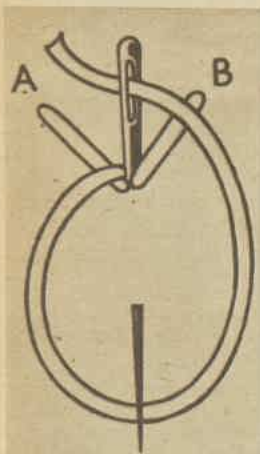
Frosting: Heat the chocolate, sour cream, and butter in top of double boiler, stirring until chocolate melts. Remove from heat and gradually work in icing-sugar until correct consistency for spreading. Use immediately, and thin with water a few drops at a time if necessary.

SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE

Three egg-yolks, 1 cup thick sour cream, a scant $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 2oz. cooking chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Beat egg-yolks with cream; gradually add sugar and beat until thick. Melt chocolate in hot water over low heat; cool slightly; add to egg mixture with vanilla. Add sifted flour, salt, and bicarbonate of soda; fold in egg-whites. Bake in two lined greased 7 in. sandwich-tins in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes.

Wheatear motifs as blouse trimming



ABOVE: The diagram shows how to do the tiny wheatear stitch which is the basis of these decorative motifs.

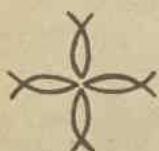


DIAGRAM of the two simple and effective designs is all ready for you to trace on to blouse for embroidering.

● Embroider the tiny motifs shown on the simple and attractive blouse pictured at the right to make a pretty trim.

THE wheatear stitch, easy to do and so effective, is the basis of these motifs.

This stitch lends itself to numerous attractive variations. Some other suggestions are given in the opposite column.

Materials: 1 blouse; 1 Milwards Gold Seal chenille needle No. 19; 1 skein Clarks Anchor Stranded Cotton (use 6 strands throughout).

The drawing gives two small motifs used in the design. The motifs may be used on different styled blouses. On a blouse with a button-stand work a row of motifs down each side, parallel to the button-stand, alternating the motifs and spacing them as shown on drawing. For a square neck, place them round the neckline.

In the blouse illustrated, the motifs are worked down the edge of the seams forming the shaped front. The design is worked entirely in detached wheatear stitch (see diagram).

Work two straight stitches as at A and B at right angles to each other, bring the needle through at the base of the stitches, and work a daisy stitch. In one motif the straight stitches are towards the centre, in the other to the outside.

Press the finished embroidery well on wrong side.

Although the delicate motif shown on this page was specially designed to trim the front of a blouse, it can be used in many other ways.

Trace it on to house linens and work it in a variety of color combinations to give that individual touch. Corners of handkerchiefs, sheets, pillowcases, and lingerie would look attractive with these motifs worked in matching or contrasting colors.

Four motifs worked at right angles to each other would give an elegant finish to place-mats, with a single motif embroidered in the corner of each table napkin to match.

The dainty motifs would also look pretty on hostess aprons.



CLOSE-UP (above) of the embroidery motifs shows how each one is made up of a different arrangement of four wheatear stitches. You can try your own arrangements to make pretty snowflake patterns with this simple stitch.



SMART BLOUSE, shown above, has wheatear motifs to trim the front panels. Quick and easy to do, these motifs can be used as shown to trim a blouse front or on collar and cuffs. Another pretty way to use them would be to make an apron and matching lunch-mats with wheatear embroidery for informal entertaining.

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IN PREPARING the date cake, arrange dates evenly over the second layer so they will be distributed through the cake when baked. For easier handling when adding the remaining spice mixture, use a dinner knife for spreading, being careful not to displace dates. See recipe below.

Date Cake Wins Prize

● A recipe for stuffed date cake wins the £5 prize in this week's contest for readers.

THE cake has a close, moist texture and consists of three layers. A delicious fish dish, Fillet Hamish, wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

STUFFED DATE CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, ½ lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, few drops pink coloring, 12 dates, 2oz. chopped walnuts, ¼ teaspoon spice, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon treacle.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt, making a soft mixture. Divide mixture into three parts. Place one-third over base of greased 8in. cake-tin; color another third pale pink, spread over mixture in tin. Split dates, fill with finely chopped walnuts, arrange over cake mixture in tin. Add spices and treacle to remaining third, mix well, spread over dates. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, cook further 1 hour. When cooked, cool on cake-cooler. Ice with

lemon icing, sprinkle with extra chopped walnuts.

First Prize of £5 to Miss N. Nixon, 25 Ashby St., Fairfield S.3, South Brisbane.

FILLET HAMISH

One whole fish weighing 3lb. to 4lb., 1 lemon, 1 onion, butter, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, extra 1 tablespoon butter, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dozen peppercorns, 3 small pickled onions, 2 gherkins, salt, pepper.

Clean and wash fish, pat dry, rub inside with cut lemon. Make small slits in flesh of fish, stick with peppercorns. Sprinkle inside with finely chopped onion, dot with butter; secure opening with cocktail sticks or coarse thread. Place on a rack standing in the baking dish with 1in. depth water. Cover with greased paper; bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Baste during cooking with liquid in dish. Prepare sauce by cooking together extra butter and flour, stir in milk and seasonings, fold in chopped eggs, pickled onions, and gherkins. Serve with fish.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Robertson, 8 Reid St., Gawler, S.A.

FAMILY DISH

VEAL cooked with a continental flavor is this week's family dish. It costs 7/6 and serves four.

PIQUANTE VEAL CREAM

One pound veal steak, 4 small onions, small bunch herbs, stock or water, 4 bacon rinds, salt, 2½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon mustard, chopped parsley.

Cut veal into 1in. cubes, cover with water, bring to boil; drain. Cover with stock or water, add bacon rinds, peeled onions, bunch herbs, and salt. Simmer 1½ hours until tender or pressure-cook 12 to 15 minutes. Drain; keep meat and onions hot. Make a white sauce with butter or substitute, flour, and 2 cups of the veal stock. Cool slightly, stir in egg-yolks beaten with cream, lemon juice, and mustard. Correct seasoning, pour over veal. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

BABY NEEDS FRESH VEGETABLES

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

EVERY home should have a vegetable patch, however small, because vegetables as well as milk form the basis of correct diet for babies and young children.

Home-grown vegetables, especially when the soil has been well prepared and fed, have a better mineral and vitamin value than those bought in shops.

Raw vegetable juices can be given to a baby from the first month of life, and vegetable broths and purees can be introduced at the midday meal from the time baby is aged four months.

Raw egg-yolk, concentrated vegetable extract, or meat juices such as liver juice can be added to these vegetables.

Much of the food value of vegetables is lost if they are not prepared and cooked properly, and all the vegetable liquid saved. Vegetables should be steamed, cooked in parchment cooking paper in a pressure cooker, or cooked quickly in a very small amount of water.

As baby grows older the vegetables can be mashed instead of sieved. After each meal a toddler should be encouraged to chew a piece of celery, raw carrot, or raw ripe apple.

These raw fruits and vegetables are good for cleaning the teeth, and can be eaten until the child is old enough to clean his own teeth after every meal.

If home-grown vegetables are not available, always use vegetables as fresh as possible. Keep them in a cool place until ready for use. Wash thoroughly, and when they must be soaked, use salted water. Cook them only long enough to make them tender.

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NAME ADDRESS

NEW TREATMENT FOR CATARRH

This scientific treatment attacks the scourge of Catarrh in an entirely new way. Instead of trying to soothe the inflamed membranes from the outside, it gets to the seat of the trouble from within - through the bloodstream. It reduces inflammation of the swollen, mucus-clogged membranes, restores natural breathing, builds resistance to re-infection. It comes in the form of tiny tablets called AS-MO-LETS - the modern treatment for all types of irritation of the respiratory tract - Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrium inflammation. Completely harmless, even for children. From Chemists only - 3/6 a bottle.

AS-MO-LETS

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER. You'll save pounds and pounds you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder." Australia's big It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do the jobs round the house, it's on at all newsagents.

Fashion PATTERNS

F4649. — One-piece dress designed to flatter the not-so-slim. Bust 36 to 44 in. Requires 5 yds. 36 in. material. Price 4/-.

● Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4868, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4289. — Glamorous lace-trimmed, short-skirted nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 1½ yds. 36 in. material, 1½ yds. 36 in. lace, 1½ yds. 36 in. net, 5 yds. 4 in. lace edging, and 2 yds. 1 in. ribbon. Price 4/-.

F4651. — Attractively styled two-piece maternity suit. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36 in. material, 1 yd. 36 in. contrast for collar, and 1 yd. 36 in. material for bow and streamers. Price 4/6.

F4652. — Feminine shirtwaist dress has short, cuffed sleeves and a bouffant skirtline. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36 in. material. Price 4/-.

F4652

F4289

F4256

F4651

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4650. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's dress. Sizes: lengths 18, 20, 23, and 28 for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 1½ yds. 36 in. material and 1 yd. 36 in. contrast. Price 2/6.

F4650

F4256. — Slender-line, front-buttoned sheath dress. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36 in. material and 1-3 yd. 36 in. contrast. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 537. — **SHORTIE PYJAMAS**
Pretty two-piece shortie pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is a circle-printed Summer Breeze cotton obtainable in the following color arrangements: red, green, and white; blue, red, and white; green, lemon, and white. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust 35/3, 36 and 38 in. bust 37/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 538. — **DUCHESSE SET**
Three-piece duchesse set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly printed with a rose motif. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: centre mat 11 in. x 17 in. and side mats 8 in. x 8 in. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 539. — **TEA-TOWELS**
The tea-towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroidery with amusing animal motifs. The material is white Irish linen tea-towel featuring multi-colored stripes of blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size: 20 in. x 32 in. Price 6/11 each. Postage 8d. extra. Set of three 19/11. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

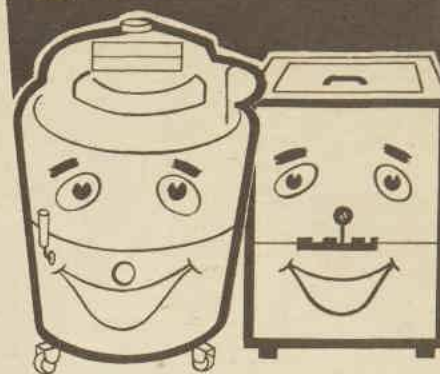
No. 540. — **SMALL GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS**
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed super haircord, and the design features a white collar and matching cuffs. The color choice includes: lemon, green, and white; blue, lemon, and white; red, green, and white; pale blue, red, and white; pink, green, and white. Sizes: lengths 18 in. for 2 years 26/3, 20 in. for 3 to 4 years 28/6, 23 in. for 5 to 6 years 31/3, 28 in. for 7 to 8 years 35/3. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

539

540

Washing clothes clean is our business . .



. . . but it takes

Reckitt's Blue

to get them really white



"It's so easy to be misled, but take it from me, you never will see a sheet or a shirt fit to be called white from washing alone. You must give whites that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue for a white you'll be proud of.

"To keep whites truly white—WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, then into RECKITT'S BLUE for true white."

says Mary Rawlins.

Reckitt's Blue

KEEPS WHITE CLOTHES REALLY WHITE

Choose your
LAXATIVE
wisely

As Mrs. Baxter does . . .
I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.
Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose . . .

BEECHAM'S

THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE pills

BP.AUS 1/51

KEEP ALERT!

SAFELY! . . . on the road . . . on the job, anywhere. No-Doz Tablets produce a condition of wakefulness and increased mental activity . . . thought becomes clearer, more rapid; no "let-down," no after-effects!

2 SIZES . . .
Economy Pack, 5/6
Pocket Pack . . 1/6

No-Doz

AWAKENERS

Safe as a cup of coffee

AT CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

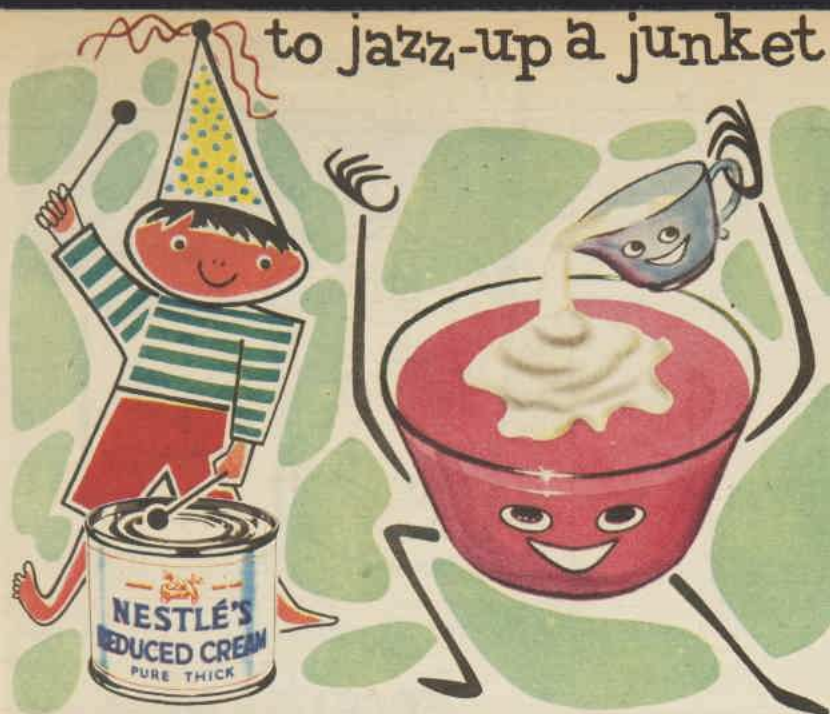


537



538





— or rice, for small fry



the cream of them all
is the cream you must buy

NESTLÉ'S

... here's why ...

It's the right way, the bright way, to top off dessert. Thick Nestlé's cream, so smooth and rich—the nicest thing that ever happened to a sweet. Try it and see! Ask for Nestlé's cream in the handy-size tin.



NESTLÉ'S PURE THICK **CREAM**

*in the right-sized serving

C. 121 HPC

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, arrives at Magna, greatest of all planets, with **PRINCESS NARDA:** Winner of the contest to find the loveliest woman on Earth. With ten million winners from other planets unknown to us, Narda will be judged by a machine to find the most beautiful of all these

women. The real reason for this gigantic contest is a very simple one—Magnon, emperor of a million planets, was turned down by the lovely but conceited Carola, empress of twelve planets. Magnon swore to find 12 women more beautiful than Carola by way of revenge. **NOW READ ON:**



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

I'VE SAVED A FEW THOUSAND POUNDS FOR WHEN I MEET THE RIGHT GIRL.



AND NOW I'VE MET HER!



THAT'S WONDERFUL. YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON ME FOR A LOAN IN THE FUTURE!



Lovely Mothers
Tell their
Daughters



Easily Banish
pimples — blackheads



WITH
Innoxa
SOLUTION 41

All lovely mothers have a protective compassion born of their own memories of adolescent problems. That's why they tell their daughters of Innoxa's miraculous Solution 41!

This colourless, unscented preparation banishes those destroyers of youthful confidence and happiness... pimples... blackheads... acne... open pores... over-oily skin.

Solution 41 ensures serenity of spirit to turbulent adolescent years, and forms a basis of beauty for all the years to come.

Solution 41... 12/6

INNOXA Complexion Milk
makes all types of skin
Oh... so fragrantly CLEAN

Not more cleanliness... but complete cleanliness that glows deep from within. Every speck of the day's grime dissolved in a second!

along with expended, natural oils... and impurities! Nothing in the world cleans skin so swiftly, so safely, so gently... so deeply.

9/6, 18/9, 34/11



ANN TRAVAIRES makes
travel easy for women!

To most women it is a very comforting thought to know that all travel problems can be solved, simply by writing to Miss Ann Travaire, TAA's Women's Travel Adviser.

Ann can advise you on holidays, places to stay and what to wear. In many ways she can help older women and mothers travelling with children. So drop a line to Ann Travaire, care of the TAA office in your capital city. She'll be glad to hear from you.

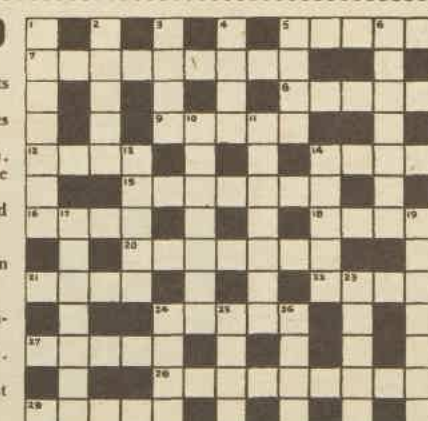
TAA
Women's Travel Adviser

THE BEST COOKS
use
FAULDING
essences



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Bona fide ascendants bringing thoughts (5).
 - Wild beasts to be found in the planes (9).
 - I do it as a man destitute of reason (5).
 - Doctors keeping a faulty egg have vile matters (5).
 - Can happen to a cake or to a very cold surface (4).
 - In Pisa and in Florence (4).
 - Famous solver of the Sphinx's very human puzzle (7).
 - Reduce to insensibility (4).
 - Vessel for refining gold in delicate standard (4).
 - Obliteration where the time is certain (7).
 - Where the trousers bag (4).
 - Bring up what belongs to the hindmost part (4).
 - Concise and mostly old Irish (5).
 - Dots and dashes (5).
 - Servants will n g l y taken by attorneys (9).
 - Man who is like Ian (4).



- DOWN**
- Mends or makes a new set of two (7).
 - Sever a metrical line (5).
 - This is cast off (4).
 - One time featured in a concert (4).
 - This lady is twice a goddess (4).
 - Overflows a sailor with a broken sound (7).
 - Send out rays, i.e., a dart (7).
 - These, after calcination and grinding, become plaster of paris (7).
 - To whom anything is given is a Spanish gentleman with ease (5).
 - Flower with a rest (5).
 - Half a score of fellows at the end of muscles (7).
 - A mountain lake is on the top of a stain (7).
 - The senior tree (5).
 - Set of three presented by Master Neddy (4).
 - Decompose a roster (4).
 - Reside back in sin (4).

Solution will be published next week.

**BE ALIVE ...
VITAL!
CONFIDENT!**

Don't let a busy life get you down — wear a Jenyns for correct, comfortable corset support. No other corset supports, slims and controls the way nature approves. There is a Jenyns design available for every need.

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CORSETRY

BRA. 7609, creates desirable lines. D cup fitting in Nude Poplin. 36 in. to 42 in.
CORSET 3998 for abdominal and diaphragm control in Nude Coutil. 26 in. to 40 in.

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MODERATELY PRICED.
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of ASTHMA and
HAY FEVER**

Pollens and dusts irritate membranes of nose and throat, cause gasping for breath, "running" nose and eyes, exhausting sneezing and open the door to germs which may cause deep-seated bronchitis and catarrh. Extracts of pollens and house dusts in Lantigen 'E' desensitise the tissues—prevent attacks. You can thus be free from asthma and hay fever misery. The proof! "... over 30 years a constant sufferer from hay fever. I started Lantigen 'E' on 25th November, 1941. By 2nd December I was completely free, and have been since." No injections! No drugs! Economical!

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"... and Bushells quality in your teapot means more Flavor in your cup."

Every penny you pay for
Bushells Tea buys quality
—and quality means flavor.



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The Tea of Flavor